

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

SIR WILLIAM MONSON.

OF all the great Elizabethan captains there is none to whom the naval historian owes a deeper debt of gratitude than to Sir William Monson, M.A. of Oxford, Vice-admiral, and General at Sea. Sir Walter Raleigh's stately prose almost charms us into forgetfulness of his uniform ill-success as a naval commander; but if Monson's *NAVAL TRACTS* can lay claim to no such splendour of style, they present an unrivalled picture of the naval tactics of the time. His experience and judgment in sea-strategy were exceptional; they were fully recognised by his contemporaries, and he is quoted by every modern writer on our sea history. His instinct was journalistic rather than historical, and so that his story was graphic and well told he cared little for accuracy of detail. He seems to have kept few or imperfect notes and to have trusted much to a memory that sometimes played him false; but there is a certain charm in the serious simplicity with which he betrays his determination that the services of that excellent officer Sir William Monson should not be overlooked; and indeed it is beyond denial that the work which was given him to do was well and thoroughly done. He made no empty boast when he asserted that "there was never service neglected, omitted, or unperformed, that he was commanded

upon." The Great Panurge himself was not more full of stratagems and devices; in the course of his busy and adventurous life he had endless opportunities of putting them into practice, and whether successful or unsuccessful he relates them all with a grave gusto which has a humour of its own. As for all the things that he did, are they not written in *THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY*? Even to sketch his life in detail would be too serious an undertaking within the limits of a single article; but there are certain of his adventures, described by himself, which give us a very real picture of the actual service of an officer in the Royal Navy under Elizabeth and James the First; and some of the observations in his *NAVAL TRACTS* bring before us with curious realism the manner and method of the sea-fighting of that fascinating time when England was first learning the real significance of naval power, and her sea-officers were working out those true principles of naval strategy which had their beginning in the inspired genius of Drake.

William Monson, third son of Sir John Monson of South Carlton, Lincolnshire, was born in 1569, and matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, on May 2nd, 1581. He seems to have remained there till he considered that his education was completed; but in 1585 there was

too much restlessness in the air for him to stay longer by the peaceful waters of Isis and Cherwell, or to rest quietly at home in the lazy Lincolnshire flats. To all Englishmen it was a time of expansion. The narrow world was growing larger beneath their feet; the new continent was not more boundless, the fabled city of Manoa itself not more golden, than the dreams of awakening England. There had been irregular warfare for years between Spaniards and Englishmen, but that was beyond the Line, where there was no peace. Now it had blazed up in Europe. Already the shadow of the Invincible Armada loomed, huge and threatening, over the western coasts. Philip had laid an embargo on all the English grain-ships that he had been able to lure into Spanish ports by special promises of protection, and among the few that were alarmed in time were the *PRIM-ROSE*, of London, which escaped from Bilbao with the Corregidor, or Sheriff of Biscay, King's writ and all, under her hatches. It was war, and all England flashed into flame. Fame, patriotism and adventure, religion and profit, sounded the assembly; and the best blood in England was hurrying to join the colours. Philip Sydney, the darling of the court, had given Gloriana the slip and galloped into Plymouth, to join Drake who was fitting out his fleet for the Indies' voyage and the raid on San Domingo and Carthage; while messenger after messenger spurred and sweated along the western roads to call the truant back again. Even as Philip Sydney the courtier omitted to obtain the permission of his masterful mistress, so did William Monson the sixteen-year-old student neglect to assure himself of the concurrence of his parents before he set out to seek his fortune by the uncertain road of running away to sea.

Many gentlemen volunteers were seeking service at that time; and Monson entered on board a private armed ship, carrying letters of marque and reprisal, with as much good will and as little experience as any of them. Upon a certain evening in September they fell in with a "*Biscayner*" and boarded her. The sea was running high and before the fight was half over they were compelled to cast off lashings and grappling irons and sheer off, lest both ships should be beaten to pieces, leaving the boarding party with young Monson among them on the enemy's deck, to do as best they could. This was the manner of it.

The ship had a flush deck fore and aft, which in boarding we won upon her, and her men retiring into her other deck spent the most part of their powder in making trains to blow us up, which by fortune we prevented; and our fire-pikes took fire before it could be brought to perfection; and thus after a twelve hours' fight in the night, we being upon a flush deck and commanding their scuttles aloft that they could not come up to us, and they commanding the scuttles below, that we could not go down to them, they grew so weary for want of powder and the death of their people that they yielded after twelve hours' sail on board of her.

From this action Monson concludes,

That a flush-decked ship without either half-deck, quarter-deck, or fore-castle, having no "*copperidge-heads*"¹ or murdering pieces to sweep the deck, has no defence after she is once entered, save in her men; and if they are beaten the enemy may cut down her masts, shrouds, and all things overhead; so that if he do not take her yet she shall be left a wreck upon the sea, and perish.

¹ *Copperidge-heads* were the heavy barricades which crossed the deck at the break of the fore-castle and the half-deck; they were pierced for small guns, bases or fowlers, which commanded the open waist between them, converting each end of the ship into a separate citadel.

Nevertheless Monson commended the flush-decked ship for speed and handiness, "being sunk and low in the water"; but for fighting he preferred the high-built ship, especially for defence; then, as if he was immediately conscious of the faultiness of merely defensive tactics, he goes on to formulate the truer theory.

The best manner of fight in a ship of a flush deck, or any other indeed, being to windward of her enemy is to bring himself within pistol-shot of her and to ply her and her ports with small shot at that distance . . . but to avoid boarding or being boarded. This I hold the best manner of fight betwixt ship and ship; it will make short work and the quarrel will be soon decided; as fighting further off is like a Smithfield fray in times past, with sword and buckler. It is nothing but the wasting and consuming of powder to no purpose.

Close action, and the enemy's fire silenced by superior gunnery. There is a long list of single ship victories to the credit of the British Navy which testifies how well this lesson was applied in after years.

Monson says that the Biscayner was the first Spanish prize that ever saw the English shore; but that is more than doubtful. Without going back so far as 1350 and *Les Espagnols sur Mer*, Drake in 1573 made his wonderful twenty-three days' run from the Cape of Florida to the Scilly Isles in a captured Spanish frigate of about twenty-five tons, built by Pero Menendez at Havana.

When Monson returned home from his first adventure he lost no time in making peace with his father, and by his interest obtained the command of another "private ship of war." Perhaps it was fortunate for so inexperienced a commander that the cruise was entirely uneventful. When the Great Armada, so long looked for, came at last, Monson was a lieutenant in the *CHARLES*, Captain John

Roberts, a small Queen's ship of only seventy tons, attached to Lord Henry Seymour's Channel Squadron which joined the great fleet of Howard just in time to take part in the final battle off Gravelines. From that day forth he was a Queen's officer. As he says of himself:

He began the wars with ten shillings per month pay; then with two shillings and sixpence per day; after, with five shillings; ten shillings; fifteen shillings; with twenty shillings and sixteen pages allowed him for his retinue. After, with thirty shillings, and lastly with forty shillings per day. He had served as a soldier, a private captain, a rear-admiral, a vice-admiral, a captain under the general, and lastly, as absolute General.

In 1591 he had his first encounter with the much over-rated galleys of Spain. He was off the Spanish coast in command of a ship attached to a semi-independent squadron under the adventurous Earl of Cumberland, and was detached to convoy a prize to Plymouth, the rest of the squadron escorting him and his charge as far as the Berlings, a score of miles north of Lisbon. There they separated, and soon afterwards it fell calm. In the morning they were off Peniche, and six galleys came out to attack them. Captain Bayley and many officers and men were killed, and Monson with both ships was taken. Not long before Monson being sent to reconnoitre the coast had captured two caravels, not by fighting but by one of his stratagems or devices. Having obtained his information he very courteously released them. This generous behaviour stood him in good stead when he was himself captured; for he and his people were well treated, by special instructions from the Archduke Albert, Governor of Portugal, until the crew were released upon terms and Monson was retained as hostage. Then his troubles began.

For some months he was kept in grievous captivity on board the galleys at Lisbon and Cascaes, devising one abortive scheme of escape after another. In September the galleys were laid up and he was transferred to the Castle at Lisbon, where was neither privacy nor decency, and his allowance for maintenance was no better than three pence a day. There he saw one of the greatest and sorrowfullest sights that ever his eyes beheld; for the great galleon *ST. ANDREW* came sailing up the river with all her colours flying, fresh from the wonderful triumph off the Azores where a Spanish fleet of fifty-three ships had succeeded in capturing one English ship and her captain, but that ship was the *REVENGE*, and her captain Sir Richard Grenville. Monson, wild with rage and grief, "offered to give some of his companions one, on condition of receiving ten if he should live to be at the taking of that galleon." It is not recorded, either then or in the sequel, if there were any who were willing to lay the odds. Monson had the usual superstitions of a sailor, and he firmly believed that the *REVENGE* had been an unlucky ship from the day that she was launched, either in 1575 or 1577.

We may partly judge by that ship's precedent misfortunes that she was designed, from the hour that she was built, to receive some fatal blow; for to her above all other her majesty's ships there happened these unfortunate accidents. In 1582 in her return out of Ireland she struck upon a sand and escaped by a miracle. In 1586 at Portsmouth, being bound upon a southern expedition, coming out of the harbour she run aground, and against the expectation of all men was saved, but not able to proceed upon her voyage. The third disaster was in 1589 as she was safely moored in Chatham where all the Queen's ships lay, and as safe one would think as the Queen's chamber; and yet by the extremity of a storm she was unluckily put ashore and

there overset; a danger never thought of before, much less happened.

During his captivity Monson had one terribly narrow escape. He had learned, from the idle talk of a pilot who visited a fellow-prisoner, the course and dates of sailing of the Indian fleets, whose capture was the object of every expedition that sailed from England. He wrote full information to the Lord Admiral Howard and to Burghley, and entrusted his letters to the page who waited on him, concealing them between the soles of the boy's shoes. Monson was betrayed by an Englishman who acted as his interpreter; the boy was arrested and marched off to Belem Castle. By good fortune it rained heavily and when they arrived the whole party were dripping wet. The incriminating letters were ripped out of the boy's shoe, but they were trodden into a wet pulp and were utterly illegible. Nevertheless Monson was taken the next morning before a judge and charged with plotting against the State. He denied the charge, but at the same time argued that had he done so it was not an offence, nor was it contrary to the laws of honour and arms; for he had not come there willingly, but as a prisoner of war, wherefore it was lawful for him to seek his liberty by any means. Should they use violence he warned them that he had friends in England who would know how to avenge him. This bold defence was successful, and in 1593 he was released.

Before the year was out he was at sea again with Cumberland in the *GOLDEN LION*, a Queen's ship. Once more he was nearly taken prisoner while in charge of a prize which was recaptured by the Spaniards who boarded the ship on one side just as he scrambled over the other, with a badly wounded leg. His hurt kept

him at home for two years, which were not wasted; for in 1594 he returned to Oxford and took his Master's degree, and in 1595 he married Mistress Smith, a widow. Before he had been many months a husband, he sailed again with Cumberland, but through some misunderstanding they parted company soon after leaving Plymouth and the venture came to nothing.

His next serious work was with Essex and Howard at Cadiz in 1596, where he was flag-captain to the Earl in the *DUE REPULSE*. This ship may be taken as the last word in naval construction up to that date. She was a far finer ship than the *REVENGE*. Measuring 777 tons, she was a reversion to the older four-masted type: the length of keel was 105 feet, and the breadth of beam 37 feet. She had two complete gun-decks, carrying sixteen brass culverins (18-pounders) eight feet and a half in length on the lower deck, with two ten feet iron culverins forward and two more aft, for chase-guns. On the upper deck were the same number of eight and a half feet iron demi-culverins (9-pounders) and four nine feet culverins in the chase ports; besides eight sakers (5-pounders) on the forecastle, waist, and half-deck.

The fight was hot in Cadiz Bay; but Essex in the *DUE REPULSE*, Lord Thomas Howard in the *NONPAREIL* and Sir Francis Vere in the *RAINBOW* were all in the front, nor was Raleigh in the *WARSPITE*, in spite of his lack of experience, very far behind them. So little did he understand the work he had to do that he relates with pride that he took the *WARSPITE* so far ahead of Vere that he masked all but the bow guns of the *RAINBOW* from a sight of the enemy. The four Apostles (the great galleons *St. PHILIP*, *St. ANDREW*, *St. MATTHEW*,

and another Saint whose name is not recorded), a score of other ships, twenty galleys and the shore batteries, made a good fight. There was no room for more than eight English galleons to attack in a rough line abreast, and they were exposed to a heavy raking fire. After three hours of it Raleigh boarded the *St. PHILIP*, and the rest slipped their cables and ran ashore. The *St. PHILIP* and the anonymous apostle were burned, the *St. MATTHEW* and *St. ANDREW* were brought off, and Monson had the joy of commanding the boat which took possession of the *St. ANDREW*, and, presumably, of winning the wager made five years before when he saw her sail in triumph up the Tagus.

Monson was by Essex's side during the storming of the town and begged him to complete the destruction of the shipping before landing to attack the town; the chivalrous Earl acknowledged the wisdom of the advice and —sent him back to tell the Lord Admiral to do it. Essex was more soldier than sailor, and the temptations of the "onfall and intaking" of such a city as Cadiz were not to be resisted. However, Monson returned in time to fight his way with Essex into the market-place; a shot carried away the hilt of his sword, but he came through without a scratch. For his services, and as the Earl's flag-captain, Howard knighted him, while Essex conferred a similar honour on Amyas Preston, who commanded Howard's flag-ship *ARK-ROYAL*. No fewer than sixty officers were dubbed knights on this occasion, and the honour so prodigally bestowed lost much of its value; the "Knights of Cales" became proverbial.

In 1597 Monson commanded the *RAINBOW* in Essex's expedition to the Azores, and was detached with orders to steer south towards the

island of St. Michael to look out for a Spanish *fleta* or treasure fleet which had been reported in that direction. Twelve ships were to be sent after him; but as, after his departure and too late to recall him, another scout brought news that the ships seen from the islands were part of the English fleet, the reinforcement was not dispatched. Monson carried on through the night and presently found himself running into the middle of a strange fleet of about 25 sail. This corresponded with the number of the English detached squadron, and as there were no private signals appointed there were no means of distinguishing friends from foes. Monson lowered his boat and rowed in among them, leaving the RAINBOW to windward. In the darkness it was impossible to ascertain the nationality of the dark hulls that were moving past him, so he pulled close to one of them and hailed to know who they were. "Of Seville" was the answer, "who are you?" Monson had every reason to believe that there were a dozen ships close astern of him, a force sufficient to deal with the whole fleet if he could detain it until his reinforcement came up. He answered at once that he was of England, and that his ship, just in sight, was a Queen's galleon, single and alone. But the Spaniards were under orders and their discipline was strict. Tempting as the bait was, they refused it. Monson stood in his boat shouting defiance and insults; they gave him back shot and ill-language, but they would not alter their course. They reached Terceira in safety, while the English fleet, far to the north, was beyond the reach of guns and signal-lights. Had the Spaniards accepted his challenge Monson would have had the opportunity of discovering if the luck of

the RAINBOW was better than that of the REVENGE.

Five years later Sir Richard Leveson, who had annihilated Zubiaur's squadron in Kinsale Harbour in December, 1601, was sent with nine ships to intercept the annual treasure fleet. After Kinsale it was thought advisable to crush any possible preparations for a further invasion of Ireland, and Leveson's advice was asked. He gave it in words which were an echo of Drake's, spoken fourteen years before: "It is more honourable for the Queen and safe for the State to maintain a fleet upon the coast of Spain, than to stand upon the defensive at home."

Leveson, who was also one of the Knights of Calcs, sailed on March 19th with six ships, leaving Monson as Vice-admiral in the GARLAND to follow him with the rest of the fleet and a Dutch squadron under Opdam. The Dutch did not appear, and Monson sailed without them on the 26th. Before he could join, Leveson encountered the Spanish fleet and found it far stronger than he anticipated. They had 30 ships, and though he attacked gallantly, he could make no impression upon them and narrowly escaped capture. After Monson joined they cruised together with some success; and about the end of May they were informed of a huge East Indian carrack supposed to be worth anything up to two million sterling, which was lying in Cezimbra Road close under Cape Espichel, under the protection of a 12-gun battery at the east end of the town (which was full of troops), a fortified monastery on a hill which commanded the anchorage, and 11 galleys; of these eight were commanded by Frederick Spinola, the finest galley-captain that ever lived, and three were under the young Marquis de Santa Cruz.

You must know that a galley is built like the *RAINBOW* or *VANGUARD* of his Majesty, low and snug by the water, and carries the force of a ship in men and ordnance; but the thing that gives her advantage in fight is her oars; not that there can be expected any swiftness in rowing, but that with her oars she is of that agility that she is able to wind about as she sees occasion to damnify her enemy; whereas a ship lies like a log of wood, not able in a calm to help herself.

Each of them carried five guns on the *rembata* or forecastle; a heavy gun, generally a 50-pounder, over the stem, with a long 24-pounder on each side of it, and outside these two short 12-pounders. With such a weight of armament in the bows and only 25 oars on each side for motive power, they must have pulled very heavily.¹

At midnight on June 1st Leveson entered Cezimbra Road in the *WARSPITE*, with the *GARLAND*, *NONPAREIL*, *DREADNOUGHT*, and *ADVENTURE*. Next morning they saw the great carrack, as big as any three of them, close under the 12-gun battery. Away to the left lay the 11 galleys in line abreast with their enormously heavy armament directed on the English squadron. The usual council of war was held; it could not be denied that the great carrack was a particularly ugly nut to crack. The captains

argued that they might burn her, but to cut her out was impossible; but Leveson, fresh from the destruction of Zubiaur's fleet, and Monson, who was keen for revenge upon the galleys in which he had suffered for nearly two years, persuaded them to make the attempt. All that day was calm and nothing could be done; but Monson, in grim defiance, got up his anchor and drifted down to a berth a league away from the squadron. The galleys came out, thrashing and lumbering with 50 oars apiece, to smell the bait; they came just within range but would not be lured any nearer, and returned to their old position.

At ten o'clock the next morning a breeze got up, and immediately Leveson weighed and hoisted the signal to engage. By some clumsiness of his master the *WARSPITE* missed her station and was carried out of the road, and clear out of action; Leveson shifted his flag into the *DREADNOUGHT*, which was plying up and down with the rest of the squadron, warmly engaged. He had a long way to row, and before his boat reached the *DREADNOUGHT* Monson had carried the *GARLAND* close in and anchored in such a position that he could engage carrack, battery, town, and galleys, all at once. Firing as fast as he could from both broadsides, he made havoc of the galleys. His position was so well chosen that only one or two of them could bring their guns to bear upon the *GARLAND*, while she was blazing into the midst of them, and if she missed one was sure to hit another. Once Santa Cruz lost heart and went splashing out of action, but Spinola was made of sterner stuff and stayed where he was; so for very shame Santa Cruz brought his galleys back again, pulling first one way and then another to get out of the line of fire. About two o'clock Leveson brought the *DREADNOUGHT* to anchor close to

¹ The best description of a galea or galley that I know of, is in Mr. Julian Corbett's *DRAKE AND THE TUDOR NAVY*, vol. i., p. 8. Length about 160 feet: breadth 22 ft. or 23 ft. A raised forecastle carried the armament; a raised poop contained the officers' quarters. The *corsia*, a raised fore-and-aft bridge or gangway, afforded a covered-in passage-way six feet wide between the two ends of the ship. On each side of it were the rowers' benches, on the open deck which sloped up from near the waterline to the *corsia*. A protected gallery for musketeers ran above the oar-crutches. When under way the rowers' benches, where they lived and worked, were almost awash—a sanitary necessity. The musketeers, etc., berthed under the forecastle which, like the poop, was closed in.

the GARLAND, after a long beat to windward. Coming on board he embraced Monson, grimed as he was, on the quarter-deck, and protested in the hearing of all his officers that he had won his heart for ever.

Some of the English galley-slaves had jumped overboard during the action and swum to the GARLAND; Santa Cruz had gone for good, and Spinola was compelled to follow, leaving behind him his Vice-admiral and another galley, whose capture rejoiced Monson's heart, for it had been his prison 11 years before. If he cherished any desire for vengeance, it must have been satisfied by that day's work. A beaten ship of whatsoever class will always be a horrible spectacle; but a beaten galley must have been worst of all. The slaves, mad with fear, chained with dead and maimed comrades to shattered benches and half-manned oars; hampered by other oars which, not being manned at all, swung aft till they jammed in the rowlocks, their blades an obstruction to every spasmodic stroke, their heavy handles sweeping men from their benches; panic-stricken officers cursing and flogging slaves who were too exhausted to be roused by pain, too hopeless to be spurred by any desire of escape from the guns that were tearing the flimsy hull to pieces under them—made a sight which even in those days, when human life and suffering were held in so little account, men could not see unmoved.

The carrack lay at their mercy; but the shore-batteries were still unsilenced, and they could not bring her out. Leveson, naturally loath to burn so rich a prize, sent one Captain Sewell, who had been a slave in one of the galleys an hour or two before, to treat for her surrender; for there was little difference recognised between military and naval war, and a ship might make the same terms

as a fortress. Some of her people desired to treat; others wished to burn her and take their chance of escape. It was Monson who settled the question; and Spanish and English officers dined together in the GARLAND with music and great jollity.

In this action the old and the new tactics encountered one another. The battle of Lepanto, fought in 1571, had covered the elder Santa Cruz, Doria, and the galley-admirals of the Mediterranean, with the halo of a great glory. They handled their fleets exactly as they manœuvred their *tercias* of infantry ashore. Galleys, if they could only move slowly, could move in any direction. They were independent of the wind, and, to a certain extent, of tides and currents also. They marched and counter-marched, with van-guard, main battle, wings, and rear-guard, in exact imitation of an army on land. There were not wanting those among the soldier-admirals who hankered after the introduction of some such cast-iron drill into the sailing navy of Elizabeth; and Monson summed up the argument as a seaman should.

The proper use of galleys is against galleys in the Mediterranean Sea, that is subject to calms. . . . The most famous naval battles these late years have afforded were those of Lepanto against the Turks in 1571; of the Spaniards against the French at the Terceira islands in 1580; and betwixt the Armada of Spain and the English in 1588. In these encounters, wherein the Spaniards had the chiefest part, they imitated the discipline of war by land in drawing their ships into a form of fight which in my opinion is not so convenient, though I confess that in a sea-battle which shall consist of galleys, in a calm, it is better to observe that order than in ships; for men may as well follow directions by their hands in rowing, as an army by words of the tongue speaking and their legs moving. But ships must be carried by winds and sails, and the sea affording no firm or steadfast footing, cannot be

commanded to take their ranks like soldiers in a battle by land. The weather at sea is never certain; the winds variable; ships unequal in sailing; and when they strictly seek to keep their order, commonly they fall foul of one another; and in such cases they are more careful to observe their directions than to offend the enemy, whereby they will be brought into disorder amongst themselves.

If these early lessons of Monson had been studied by some of those admirals of the eighteenth century who preceded Hawke and Rodney, the British Navy might have been spared the memory of some very notable failures, those of Matthews and Byng among them.

In all the NAVAL TRACTS there is nothing racier than the account of Monson's expedition against the pirates who infested the Scotch and Irish coasts. Fighting Spaniards was the regular business of the sea officer of Elizabeth's navy, but this was an experience which was somewhat outside the ordinary line. Other officers may have seen similar service, but, saving himself, no one has described it. In the year 1614 the King's Scottish subjects sent him a humble petition, praying him, their native Solomon, to take such steps as seemed good to him to put down the sea-rovers and pirates who were become a very serious addition to the already sufficient dangers of the voyage "north about;" and King James despatched Sir William Monson and Sir Francis Howard, with two of his Majesty's ships and a couple of armed merchantmen, in answer to their prayer. It was said that no fewer than 20 pirates were ravaging the Scottish coasts; though it must have puzzled Monson to think how 20 pirates could pick up a living along a coast where there was so little trade. In compliance with his instructions he reported himself to the

Lords of Scotland, at Edinburgh, and requested information as to the strength of the piratical vessels and their usual cruising-grounds. He also needed pilots, for the navigation to the northward was not frequented by English seamen. By their lordships' advice Monson proceeded first to Sinclair Castle, the seat of the Earl of Caithness, on the south horn of Sinclair Bay a few miles north of Wick. Here the pirate fleet of 20 vessels dwindled down to a poor two, both commanded by men of base condition. Pirates of gentle birth have never been common, but Monson seems to have been rather scandalised to learn that one of the terrible sea-rovers that he was sent hunting in the King's ships had been his own boatswain's mate in the Channel Squadron only a short time before, while the other had been a common seaman in the same ship. This man had recently quitted the pirates' society, "misliking their damnable courses," and taken refuge with the Earl of Caithness; and there Monson found the rogue, sober and decent in the Earl's household. The ex-boatswain's-mate, Captain Clarke, had also paid the Earl a visit; and as Sinclair Castle and the tenants' houses were without means of defence and the pirate vessel was lying in Sinclair Bay, he had been received and entertained with anxious courtesy. No description of that social gathering has been preserved, which is to be regretted, for the picture of the Earl hobnobbing at his own table with a half-drunk boatswain's-mate who had taken to evil courses, would have been interesting. Learning from his noble host that the Royal Navy was in pursuit of him and might be expected at any moment, Captain Clarke weighed anchor and sailed north. Therefore Monson stayed not at Sinclair Castle, but took the ex-pirate on

board as professional adviser and proceeded to Kirkwall in the Orkneys, where, as there has been a cathedral since 1138 A.D., it was really not so strange as it seemed to him that he found there "more civil, kind and friendly usage than could be expected from such kind of creatures in show." It was true that they could boast neither Dean nor Chapter; but one would think that the possession of even a verger would argue a certain urbanity. From thence he followed Clarke to the Shetlands, where he found the people much like the Orcadians; but the elusive Clarke was not there. Leaving Sir Francis Howard to patrol those waters, the Admiral sailed south again past the great cliffs of Hoy and put in at the "Hybrides," probably at Stornoway. But the people of the Lewis did not impress him favourably. "The brutishness and uncivility of those people exceeds the savages of America; there cannot be a greater difference between day and night than betwixt the conversation of those of Orkney and those of the Hebrides."

So far the cruise had failed. Not a single pirate ship had been sighted; but the Admiral presently learned from his converted buccaneer that the well-head of all pirates was to be sought for at Broadhaven, on the coast of Mayo, where there was an excellent harbour which they much frequented and held in great esteem, partly because of its remoteness, for few people were aware of its existence, and partly "because of the relief they found by a gentleman there dwelling, who spared not his own daughters to bid them welcome." The warm-hearted hospitality of this fine old Irish gentleman and the smiles of the Celtic sirens who called him father, were irresistible attractions to the Gentlemen of Fortune, who made their chief exchange or depot in this

place, "where transport and security entwined"; a conjunction which Mr. Campbell assures us once occurred in Wyoming.

At first Monson was inclined to consider the service in those unknown waters too dangerous, and the occasion too slight, to justify him in risking two of his Majesty's ships. One of his armed merchantmen had already been lost "in a great storm and ground seas." But he could not leave undone the duty which he had been specially sent to do, and on June 28th he anchored in Broadhaven Bay. The place was unknown to anyone in the ship, save only to the reformed pirate who told them of it, and it was advisable to be fully informed of the condition and disposition of the inhabitants before landing. No sooner was the anchor down than Monson made choice of "such persons of his company as had formerly been pirates" that he might send them ashore as an embassy, to allay suspicion. That a score or more of acknowledged pirates should be serving on board a ship of the Royal Navy seems singular to us; but it was evidently not unusual at a time when there was no continuous service, and a seaman paid off at the end of a man-of-war's commission was turned adrift to shift for himself and find a berth where he could. Moreover it must not be forgotten that it was Captain Fleming, one of the fraternity, who ran into Plymouth Sound in 1588, with every stitch of canvas set and more than one capital charge hanging over his head, and of his own free will risked his neck that Howard and Drake might have timely warning that the Armada was in the Channel. Monson's pirates were reformed, civil, full of good. They do not appear to have made any ill-judged boast of their wider experience, but when the suggestion was made,

they coyly admitted that it was so, and proceeded to play their parts with zeal and discretion. The stage was set and the comedy (of intrigue, not of manners) began. The Admiral naturally played the heavy lead as "Captain Manwaring, a noted pirate," and his heralds opened the piece by announcing his arrival to "the gentleman of that place" (whose name they presently learned, was Cormat, or Cormac), and extolling their captain's vast wealth, his royal disposition, and above all, his magnificent generosity to all who showed him courtesy. So glowing was their description that the patriarchal chief and his bold but simple peasantry were fired with enthusiasm. The piratical man-of-war's men had a fair general knowledge of the captains who were likely to frequent Broadhaven, and by Monson's direction they delivered imaginary messages from them. To the chief they brought deceptive promises of rich cargoes and words of rough buccaneer courtesy; to his fair daughters, whom Monson ungallantly brands as "hackney," they brought tokens, as from love-lorn gentlemen of fortune who desired to pay fitting tribute to beauty. Mr. Cormac was delighted, the "silly women" were enraptured, and their joy was too great to leave room for any suspicion. Mr. Cormac merely took the simple precaution of absenting himself from his home, and "like a wily fox" left the ladies of the family to entertain his guests till he beheld the coast clear. Then he returned, to boast of the favours he had done to sundry pirates and the desperate risks he had run to do them service. Peril, he declared, would be as nothing to him if he could serve a gentleman so rich and so nobly generous as Captain Manwaring; but certain trifling formalities were necessary, in their mutual interest. For his part he would send two gentlemen

of his following on board the ship as hostages for his good faith. If the Captain desired beef, he begged him to send his men ashore armed in a warlike manner, that it might seem that the cattle had been taken by violence; and he left it to the Captain's honour to take only those beasts whose ears were slit.

The play, says Monson, began at dawn. Captain Chester and fifty men went ashore like pirates, in a disorderly manner, and slaughtered their cattle with wild and lawless howls. Then they visited the house of Cormac, and at his particular request, went not as invited guests but as masterful sea-rovers. They were warmly welcomed, and the affectionate girls ran eagerly to embrace their new friends and to receive the gifts of their old lovers, but they did not disguise their desire to see the great rich Captain Manwaring who had thus descended upon Broadhaven like manna from Heaven.

Everything that Cormac promised was duly performed. But when his two hostages came on board and delivered their message of rude friendliness and assurances of service and love to Captain Manwaring, Monson sternly bade them "observe and consider if they thought that ship and company to be pirates; they could well judge of pirates because of their familiarity with them." So far as they were concerned there was no more dissembling. They were put in irons in dark and several places, and in language as rough and rude as their message he bade them prepare themselves for death. His faith in his own crew was not altogether established, and he was careful to allow no boat or man to go ashore until he was ready to go himself.

The news that this superlative buccaneer intended, of his great condescension, to visit the house of

Cormac brought down a crowd of four or five hundred people to welcome him on the beach. Monson feigned apprehension at seeing so large a muster. They raised howls of welcome, and every man, woman, and child vociferated vows of service and fidelity. Three of the village notables rushed up to their armpits in the sea, to carry their visitor ashore.

It was exactly according to the tradition of comic opera. The first was an ex-tradesman of London who had abandoned his business in the City in order to become a piratical broker in Mayo: the second was a Scotch merchant from Galloway who conducted an opposition establishment; and the third was an Irish schoolmaster, whom Monson classically labels as "another Apollo amongst these rude people." With the Cockney, the Scot, and the accomplished Irishman for his gentlemen ushers, the great Captain Manwaring was conducted to the residence of their honoured chieftain, amid the acclamation of the meaner sort, who assured him that his friends were well known in those parts, and they would know him for a Manwaring anywhere by the face of him. The ladies of the house of Cormac met him at the door and conducted him to the hall, newly-strewn with fresh rushes; nor was music wanting, for a harper was put in a corner, out of everybody's way. There was much merriment at the expense of the absent hostages who were supposed to be missing the fun entirely, "because they were too frolicsome and drunk on board to come ashore." After much feasting the young people clamoured for a dance, and the hall was cleared. This was a little more than the Admiral had bargained for; he did not mind drink, but he drew the line at dancing. However, though he declined to take the floor

himself he gave free liberty to all the rest. The Englishman took upon himself the entertainment of those who did not dance, thereby providing the necessary comic relief to the ballet. He developed a hitherto unsuspected talent for mimicry which would have assured his success as an entertainer in far more critical drawing-rooms. He showed Monson a pass, signed by the Sheriff of the county, authorising the bearer to travel freely from place to place seeking certain goods, of which he pretended to have been robbed at sea; and pointed out that it was useful for allaying suspicion when he travelled in rogues' company. Then he gave them a little sketch of his own, a dramatic representation of the scene between himself and the Sheriff when the pass was procured; first appearing as the Sheriff, dignified, imperious, and a little profane; then as himself, very humble and submissive, the victim of circumstances and child of misfortune, seeking redress. This pleasing trifle contained many witty passages, and his antic behaviour was enough to put the melancholiest man in good humour.

At Monson's request this versatile artist wrote then and there a letter to ten mariners of his acquaintance, who for modest reasons of their own were living in retirement hard by. "Honest brother Dick and the rest," it ran, "we are all made men; for valiant Captain Manwaring and all his gallant crew are arrived in this place. Make haste, for he flourisheth in wealth, and is most kind to all men. Farewell; and once again, make haste."

Monson took the letter and enclosed the pass in it, undertaking to hire a messenger to carry it. He had gathered all the information he wanted; it was getting late and the scene was beginning to drag. With quick dramatic instinct he hurried on

his denouement. Bidding the music cease, he rose and commanded silence. You might have heard a pin drop, had there been such a thing in the county.

He told them that they had played their parts, and hitherto he had no part in the comedy; but though his was last and might be called the epilogue, yet it was more tragical than theirs. He was no pirate, but a scourge to such, sent by his Majesty to punish them, and their abettors (he surely must have borrowed this scene from MEASURE FOR MEASURE, and he fairly revels in the description of it). He had received sufficient information of protection given to pirates by Cormac; they had made themselves guilty in the law without further accusation, and there remained nothing but to proceed to their execution by virtue of his commission. He had brought with him a gallows ready framed which his carpenter would set up; and the mournful dance should begin with the two men whom they thought to be merrily dancing on board the ship. Next should come the Englishman, whose nationality doubled his offence. The schoolmaster was a fit tutor for the devil's children, and should admonish his scholars from the top of the gallows. As for the Scotch merchant, there would be no thieves were there no receivers; his time was not long, and he should make his account with Death.

Here might be seen the mutability of the world; mirth was turned to mourning, dancing to lamenting, and so the act-drop fell with all the principals under sentence, and the chorus suing for pardon.

Next morning there was a thick fog, through which presently there loomed the misty shadow of a ship, far out of the track of any honest trading. Monson armed his boat's crew and pulled

off to take her by surprise, but the faithless fog blew clear and the suspicious vessel stood off again directly the Admiral's ship became visible. Then followed seven days of rain and wind and the action of the piece was arrested till the weather improved.

With the first fine day came a letter for Cormac; with the shadow of Monson's practicable gallows hanging over him, he made haste to explain the situation. This was the letter.

DEAR FRIEND,

I was bearing into Broadhaven to give you corn for ballast, but that I was frightened by the King's ship I supposed to be there. I pray you send me word what ship it is, for we stand in great fear. I pray you provide me two kine, for we are in great want of victuals. Whensoever you shall make a fire on the shore I will send my boat to you.

The pirate ship was at anchor under the lee of the island of Enescey (Inishkea) about seven leagues from Broadhaven, off the mouth of Blacksod Bay.

Cormac was instructed to answer the letter with much civility and many lies. He was rejoiced to hear of his friend's health and desired to see him. As for the ship, it was a ship of London from the Indies, put in with sickness on board. Monson took the precaution to send a few of his own men "in Irish habits" to lie in ambush, to protect the messenger from any violence and to deter him from any double-dealing. The signal was made, the pirate sent a boat, and the letter was taken on board.

Cormac informed Monson that "at the end of the river where he was lying, seven miles from him, was a neck of land two miles wide that parted it from another river which opened into the sea near Enescey." There are two creeks in Broadhaven Bay, which are only separated from

other creeks running up from Blacksod Bay by narrow necks of land. That day Monson led a mixed force of his own men and the awe-stricken natives up one or other of these creeks, carried his two boats across the neck, and after a pull of thirty miles or so got round the northern horn of Blacksod Bay and arrived at the spot where the signal fire was made, opposite to Inishkea. It was midnight when they reached the place; the boats were kept out of sight and the signal-fire lighted. Then, when they reckoned that the pirate's boat would be ashore and their force so much the weaker, they rowed off and captured the ship, taking her altogether by surprise. The pirate captain and certain members of his crew, who had already been pardoned twice for similar offences, were duly hanged on Monson's portable gibbet. Cormac and the hospitable though immoral inhabitants of Broadhaven were released with no worse punishment than a fright. But Monson's moral drama had impressed them so deeply that pirates became strangers to Broadhaven, and its influence was so wide and far-reaching that in a short time the whole Irish coast was freed from their visits.

There is so much that is Irish in the last few pages that we may

perhaps be permitted to conclude this sketch, in the same Hibernian spirit, with the Dedication which Monson placed at the beginning of his third book: "The Epistle to all Captains of Ships, Masters, Pilots, Mariners, and Common Sailors."

. . . . What would it avail that all trees were oaks, or every stalk of hemp a fathom of cable, or every creature a perfect artist to build and frame a ship? What were all these more than to the eye, were it not for you, your art and skill to conduct and guide her? She were like a sumptuous costly palace nobly furnished, and nobody to inhabit in it; or like a house in Athens Laertius writes of, in which all that were born proved fools; and another in the field of Mars near Rome, whose owners ever died suddenly; both which were commanded, the one by the senators of Athens, the other by the Emperor Mark Anthony, not only to be pulled down, but the timber to be burnt. What subjects can make their king and country more happy than you, by the offensive and defensive services you may do them at sea? What wealth is brought in or carried out of the Kingdom, but must pass through your hands? What honour has England of late years gained, and all by your adventures and valour, which has made you excellent above all other nations? Who knows not that your parts and profession deserve favour of the State? Who knows not that the whole Kingdom has use for you, and that there is a necessity to nourish you?

W. J. FLETCHER.

THE RHODES'S SCHOLARS.

WHEN the gush of pride called forth by Mr. Rhodes's will was over, when every possible parallel with Caesar's testament had been worked out, Oxford began to ask itself whether this great bequest had not, like other charities (as Marylebone said to Mr. Carnegie) conferred more obligation than privilege. The misgivings steadily increased, and undergraduates, even more than heads of colleges, came to look on the prospective scholars as a nuisance if not a menace. In spite of Young Oxford movements and secret gatherings in music-shops to listen to inefficient politicians, the undergraduate, as a rule, is a conservative of the sternest type. There was deep indignation among a few senior men at the suggested abolition of Greek in Responsions. In the case of the scholars the jealousy of change went with a certain personal jealousy. A first-class scholarship at Oxford is worth £80, a few of the scholarships at Hertford College as much as £100 a year. Why should this standard be debased by the granting of £300 a year to all manner of aborigines to whom probably Greek was Greek, who if they had a nodding acquaintance with *ταπίας* would never have heard "the doctrine of the enclitic De"? The prospective scholars were the butt of every facetiousness. Backwoodsmen were depicted as arriving with sisters and cousins and aunts, all of whom were to subsist on the £300. The nearest successor to Calverley drew with delightful humour a picture of "a distant prospect of Oriel," of the Thames flooded by the Murrumbidgee,

while the harassed don prayed for retirement to some sequestered spot on the banks of the Cam. This flippant view of Oxford's new privilege alternated with pessimism. It is said by those who were most keen to be rid of compulsory Greek in Responsions that they would certainly have succeeded, if it had not been for the general fear of innovation, fostered by the prospect of the American scholars. The panic was much increased by many small, adventitious causes. Careful mothers wrote to THE TIMES complaining of the absence of bathrooms and want of ventilation in college rooms. A few ludicrous articles were published in the half-penny Press in which a method was sketched enabling poor Oxford to bring its time-worn institutions up to the mark of modern commerce. Mr. Rhodes's own allusion to the childishness of dons in methods of finance gave a lead to those writers who regard them as a legitimate butt for the slings and arrows of ignorant criticism; and naturally enough the feelings of men, at least as busy-minded and progressive as the rest of the world, were not a little ruffled. Thus it came about that enthusiasm, which, as a frame of mind is not regarded with much favour at the public schools or at the universities, was damped to the point of extinction. Hardly anybody looked forward to the fulfilment of that scheme about which Mr. Rhodes's hopes of continuous influence centred. A similar decline in fervour has been experienced among the Americans. Are not

Harvard and Yale, universities of America, more efficient than all the lectures of Oxford? Shall the son of Bostonian intelligence be lumped with the Nebraskan rough-rider or the Australian backwoodsman? It is the commonest of all comments that Mr. Rhodes would have done much better to send his Englishman to the States, where is the van of progress, than tempt the young American to temper his hustling vigour with the barren classicism of the home of lost causes. Now the German students, with their thirst for education and without excess of gold, have temporarily resolved, in some excess of narrow Pan-Germanism or anti-British hostility, to refuse the offer, to organise a sort of posthumous boycott of the man who defeated a German in the race for Rhodesia. *Et tu, Germania* (to recur to the parallel of Cæsar) might have been the last rebuke of Mr. Rhodes's valiant spirit.

Happily this perverted view is not universal. The gratitude of man has left no cause for weeping in the Colonies (if the word must be used) where the respect, almost one might say the reverence, for the testamentary thoughts of Mr. Rhodes still prevails; and by some odd principle of contradiction, or perhaps compensation, the enthusiasm is much greater in Canada than anywhere else. Certainly Canada was the country about which Mr. Rhodes had least knowledge. The will would prove it, apart from any corroboration of personal knowledge. It is a thousand pities that he did not foresee the astonishing development of the Dominion; the cultivation of the North-west, the great harvests expanding year by year, the tissue of railways stretching out with unparalleled rapidity across the continent, where now the continuous lines of truck are insufficient to carry away one year's harvest before the

next is in. The building of a second line from sea to sea would have drawn from him some of those great rough-hewn ideas of his which suggest comparison with Michael Angelo. He saw life not steadily, not whole, but as it were in prophetic glimpses through a magnifying glass. But the glass was never turned on Canada. Its potential riches, the coal, the asbestos, the gold, and, more golden than all, the golden corn, had never touched his imagination; and the provisions in the will for the representation at Oxford of Canadian youth were lamentably below the fit proportion.

By a happy association of events, however, it has come about that a Canadian has been put in complete control of the fulfilment not only of the letter but the spirit of the will; and helped by the elasticity in interpretation which Mr. Rhodes himself encouraged the proportion is to be set right: Canada will be given a much fuller representation than the niggard eight scholarships outlined in the will. But Mr. Parkin has done much more by his influence than give their effect to the instructions of the will. He has helped to inspire even Oxford with pride in her Imperial prospects. There are plenty of ardent Imperialists in England and in Oxford. On occasions they have been unpleasantly noisy and aggressive; but it is rare to find in England a man who cares to proselytise and who will proclaim himself what he is continuously and with pride. We are as a rule a little ashamed of our virtues, unless we are accused of lacking them. In Canada and Australasia, where personal feelings towards Imperial politics are more commonly argued and proclaimed, there is none of that odd shame or affectation of reticence which is one mark of what is called,

for want of a better name, the Oxford manner. Everyone has heard the term *Colonial* used (though only, of course, in relation to manner) as a sort of equivalent to provincial, with just such a touch of scorn. But even if now and then in the past man had reason to notice crudity in this Colonial manner, it is well for us to know that one side of this Oxford manner is obnoxious, even repellent to a Canadian. In the present context Mr. Parkin has Mr. Rhodes's enthusiasm for Oxford and its traditions. He has lived there for awhile: he has met Oxonians, and communicates regularly with Oxford men, whom he considers among the greatest of living Englishmen; but what sort of a chill must he have received when a month ago he went down full of zeal to arrange for the reception of the new scholars? Quite frankly, the whole place, but mostly the undergraduates, looked on the privilege as either a nuisance or a danger. Years ago Mr. Parkin, after inspiring Lord Rosebery with zeal for the cause, went round England lecturing on the federation of the Empire. He was almost the first popular spokesman of the sentiment; and the ardour which marked those early speeches has been greatly stimulated by late events, and mostly by Mr. Rhodes's will. In his vision a time might come when the lien of Oxonian fellowship might knit the controllers of the Empire's destiny all round the world and consolidate the friendship of the English-speaking nations. It was a chance of furthering such a hope as this that the Oxford undergraduate, and in a less degree the don, looked upon as merely a nuisance. The scholars were callers interrupting study,—some would say a doze, outsiders breaking the meditation proper to an antique foundation, like the troops invading the

quietude of the Grand Chartreuse in Matthew Arnold's poem. The feeling of Oxford to the American strangers was that of the monks to the outside world.

We admire with awe
The exulting thunder of your race;
You give the universe your law
You triumph over time and space!
Your pride of life, your tireless powers,
We laud them, but they are not ours.

The phrases fit well the American spirit, for which they were not meant, and the Colonial. Mr. Parkin's tireless powers are as indisputable as the exulting thunder of his rhetoric; and the contrast of these with the timid, tentative groping, the academic weighing of advantages in junior and senior common-rooms at Oxford was as marked as "the pennon plume and flashing lance" in the cloistral shade.

After three weeks' contest the conviction, the exulting thunder, won. Within that time Mr. Parkin had dined at every high-table, had poured out his breezy hopes in every common-room, had thundered in the Union. Before he left the fight was over, the battle won. and, what is more, the business completed. The new scholars, so many of them as in their condescension will accept the gift, will come into residence in the autumn of 1904. The term will mark a stage in the history of Oxford, in one way the advent of the cosmopolitans will recall Oxford a little to its older constitution of the fourteenth century when genuine scholars (though some of them had tendencies to poach in the King's forest at Shotover and not infrequently used Alma Mater as a pawnbroker) were more numerous than now, more keen, and gathered from many corners of the world. Partly it is a fear of this very keen-

ness, if it come, of which Oxford is afraid, lest it break out in pleas for technical instruction, schools of Agriculture, colleges of Hygiene. But if one may judge from foreigners,—Americans and remote Britons whom we have known in the past at Oxford—the new-comers may be expected to acquire an affection, even an exaggerated affection for that in Oxford which has root in the remotest antiquity, as one naturally turns to a Republican democrat for the most unblushing affection for court titles. Also, if the inference from experience is justified, there is not likely to be any close allegiance among the visitors. An American from New York will feel no irresistible prompting to link arms with the Bostonian, much less with the Nebraskan; the Britons will come from regions as far from each other as from Oxford; more than this there will be a general desire among those who go to Oxford to do as Oxford does, and, if only for experience, to plunge into the life of the place. We have known an American who indulged in every sport (especially those he could not afford), joined all the clubs which would admit him, and would have put down his name for every school in the statute-book, solely for the sake of drinking the cup of university life to the dregs. By the arrangements now happily concluded a wise segregation of the scholars has been prepared. The biggest colleges, of which Christ Church is an example, have agreed to receive five scholars; and the smallest, of which perhaps Corpus was the most diffident, will receive two. If we suppose, though the estimate is over the mark, that in 1907 there will be three hundred scholars in Oxford, they will be distributed over twenty colleges; they will be separated by the topographical barriers, and no one who has not been at Oxford knows

how hard to cross is St. Aldates, or how high the wall between Balliol and Trinity. The gulf between first, second, and third year men is yet wider and deeper. At the moment opinion treats the new-comers as an integral group mutually attracted; they will rather be a disintegrated congeries, the atoms repelled and kept asunder by causes both intrinsic and from outside. On the other hand, when they leave they will all, one may trust, have memory of enough good fellowship to make them hope, and, as their founder wished, strive for more. Between themselves and the land of their tutelage will be established at any rate a foundation for future friendship and larger knowledge. Where in this prospect is cause for alarm or excuse for coldness?

The scholars hardly deserve the title more than university football-players whom the crowds know as *scholarads* and novelists as *students*, though the question of their gowns is still under discussion. Strictly they will be close exhibitors, differing from the normal close exhibitor in superior physique, if Mr. Rhodes's examination scheme is strictly followed, and, it may be in some cases, inferior in educational equipment. On one point only did the Oxford authorities claim a right of self-defence; every one of the new scholars is to pass Responsions. The fame of that great examination will be enhanced; it can scarcely remain Smalls any longer, even on undergraduate lips, now that in it a real scholar may be plucked. The veto was perhaps wise. It would no doubt be ludicrous to pay £300 a year to a man who had not reached the third book of Euclid, nor mastered the elements of arithmetic, the commonplaces of grammar, and the easy periods of Xenophon and Cæsar. Indeed it suggests a con-

ception of the coming *alumni* low to the point of mockery, that such a test should have been thought necessary at all. On the other side it may act with undeserved severity in a few cases. We knew of an excellent German scholar (he had an affection for Homer that an Ireland scholar might envy) who was denied the honour school, because, as he confessed himself, he "had not the idiom." It is possible that a German might be balked by Responsions from such a want of readiness in English; and in a similar way a little examination, in which every subject has to be up to a certain standard, may cause a vexatious repetition of efforts to remoter scholars who have had inadequate knowledge of what they must be prepared for. At the same time some defensive veto was perhaps necessary, and Responsions was better than anything else, because it involved no change in the organisation of university examinations.

So far as the hosts are concerned, then, the arrangements are complete. In a year the guests will be organised. From Oxford Mr. Parkin went back to Canada, and after a few days began a second tour of the Empire. He met the American authorities in New York early in December, and after a day or two in Toronto set out to visit Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. The tour is of considerable interest apart from its more immediate object, as in itself promotive in a high degree of Mr. Rhodes's ambitions. There are few things the Empire more needs than knowledge of all its parts by men of force, vicarious or personal, in the different regions. The Prince of Wales, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Parkin, in three grades of influence, have in a sense collaborated in the knitting of the Empire on the lines of Mr. Rhodes's dream. Even the geography they have taught us is of

Imperial value. To give one example, Mr. Parkin will, if the original scheme be carried out, enter South Africa from Beira and make his arrangements with the new colonies, with Rhodesia and with Natal, before he approaches the Cape. The line of his journey suggests a coming alteration in the balance of influence among the yet unfederated colonies, which is as of good omen to the future of this country as it is unpleasant in the prospect to one party in the Cape. Now this Beira railway is complete, South Africa is a thoroughfare, no longer a blind alley, and however jealous of old prerogatives may be many of the people resident at what was once the only open end, it should be clear to them, as to the rest, that the through way benefits everyone, and the sooner the whole street is under one central authority, the less often the roads will be blocked and the traffic diverted. If Mr. Parkin is successful in so organising the scholarships that picked men, in the full sense of the word, are sent yearly to Oxford, such men as are likely to reach high in the government of their colonies, surely the accomplishment will be of great Imperial moment. The corporate spirit which the fellowship of common residence at Oxford should inspire must contribute a unifying influence as wide as it is unique. Oxford has a great opportunity and a great honour. It will be a little dishonourable to her if she takes the honour grudgingly, if it has to be thrust upon her, if she is timorous of the new vigour, aristocratically averse from the new blood, and oligarchically hostile to the larger franchise.

It is true that any expectations which the founder nourished from the presence of Americans at Oxford are less stimulating and more remote from fulfilment than his

Imperial hopes; and the exaggerated panic in England of American invaders has inspired prejudice and dulled imaginative expectancy. But the arrival of the Americans is academically, if not Imperially, interesting. When Mr. Parkin returned to Canada after the first suggestion that he should organise the scholarships he travelled in the same ship with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and they discussed the matter at some length. It was suggested to Mr. Morgan that, now millionaires had grown so common in America as no longer to be held in any account there, some similar scholarships for Englishmen should be established in the American universities. It is not a remote

possibility that the suggestion may ultimately take effect. Though the sum of goodwill between the two countries would not perhaps be vastly increased, for it is not among the highly educated Americans that the hostility to England flourishes, the interchange of education would be an experiment that would deserve at least sympathetic interest, even from the classical tutor at Oxford, who fears he will be asked how the Phœnicians organised their trusts, or the American professor who may be asked awkward questions by some "sterile classic" from Shrewsbury on the degree of licence in the resolved iambus.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

A NEW YEAR'S CARILLON.

"Lord, through this hour
Be Thou our guide,
That, by Thy power,
No foot may slide."

IF this ancient rhyme," said the preacher (a Doctor of Divinity from one of the older universities) "this quaint quatrain adapted to the tune of our familiar chimes, with its old-world realism and its devout aspiration for present guidance expressed in homely metaphor,—if it were but repeated, or at least remembered, by every person in this great wicked metropolis when the completed hour is struck by its almost numberless bells, what an astounding moral change might result! What a revolution, what a realisation!"

The place was an old and famous London church, the time to-day, the season Christmas-tide. The learned Doctor's quotation and comment, uttered in his mellow and ringing tones, occurred towards the end of his discourse, a sermon on the hackneyed but in his hands vivified and fascinating subject of the Employment of Time. Anyone who desires to read the whole passage may do so in volume IV. (page 226) of his published works; but neither with him nor with his scholarly writings have we anything further to do. As he shuts his sermon-case, descends from the carved pulpit, folds his scarlet hood, and returns to the venerable college of which he is a distinguished ornament, he takes flight from these pages for ever.

The congregation,—what is commonly called a fashionable one, though average respectability was all

that could be claimed for it—melted away in the usual manner. But for some reason the old-world rhyme, with its proposed application, lingered in their minds, and was diversely criticised.

"Rather a medieval notion of the seraphic Doctor's," remarked Fred Paulsen, a briefless but clever young barrister, to the Honourable Bertie Mayne of the Guards, as they walked westward together, "saying one's prayers every time the clock strikes."

"Rattlin' good one, though!" answered his friend, lighting a cigarette. "Only, by Jove, it would interfere a lot with some people's doin's!" He chuckled at the thought of certain of his friends thus prefacing their diversions.

"A sweet idea, don't you think?" said the beautiful Miss Evelyn Hope to one of her companions, the plain Miss Aquilla Sharpe. "It reminds me of the wish of a character of Browning's—in *PIPPA PASSES*, isn't it?—not to waste the day's 'long blue hours.'"

"Frankly, it strikes me as sentimental and rather silly," replied Miss Sharpe, with clear-cut intonation; "quite opposed to modern ideas, you know, if not sacrilegious as well. Fancy having to pray before going out shopping, or to a gossiping tea, or ping-pong, or a card-party, or the theatre! It would make the hours only too literally 'blue' if we adopted the practice."

"But so delightfully romantic and picturesque!" exclaimed her other friend, pretty Madam Butterfly, of New York, Tuxedo Park, and Paris,

who came to London twice every year. "I shall try it myself,—I like novelties in religion. But what an old dear the clergyman was, with his white hair and scarlet hood! I wish they wore such things in America."

"Popish!" announced Lady Carbury Jones, of Exeter Hall. "Formal hourly prayer is quite on a par with the use of the rosary and other superstitious observances. I trust we have put all those things behind us, with everything else belonging to Rome."

"I regard it as distinctly unscientific," averred Mrs. Jorginson-Gibbons, of the nobby forehead and blue glasses, "a weak and enervating habit of mind to contract. The course of events and the development of conduct are the result of forces unaffected by childish appeals to the Gods."

And so they talked.

These small disputes as to its ethical value made the idea, and the rhyme as well, known to a fairly-large circle of people. Much greater currency, however, was given to it by the Press. The two antagonistic Church papers, *THE HOROLOGUE* and *THE TOUCHSTONE*, both had reporters at the service, and published liberal extracts from the sermon, including the passage in question. But the great impulse came from *THE DAILY ALTRUIST*. Mr. Mortimer Bristowe, its brilliant and versatile young editor, wishing to hear his old college tutor again, was present, and, being at all times enthusiastic and impressionable, had his imagination fired. Everyone knows the influence he wields from his eyrie in Fleet Street; he devoted a leading article to the subject on the morning of Christmas Day, urging a far wider application than his whilom tutor had done. He offered the plan of hourly supplication (which he reminded them was no new

thing) to all intending reformers of the New Year, to all moral aspirants throughout the metropolis, the country at large, and indeed the whole of Christendom. What better aid to virtue could they have, what fitter time for its adoption? Indifferently, therefore, he commended it to monarchs and mayors, to presidents and parliaments, to actors, novelists, and poets, to men of business and barristers, to soldiers and sailors, to professors and undergraduates, to policemen, tram-car conductors, and charwomen,—in short to all sorts and conditions of humanity.

Thus it was that, the great war being over and a fair measure of peace settled on the land, the idea, before the New Year was far advanced, became at least familiar to the public. Especially this was true in places where clocks abound, and (more or less musical) quarter-chimes are played, London of course leading the list.

To say that it greatly increased the practice of hourly orisons, or that current morals were visibly affected thereby, would be too much; these things come not with observation. Also it would be impossible to trace its influence through the different orders of society, from the monarch downward (or onward, if we adopt the theory of absolute human equality) to the humble but useful functionary who closes the aforesaid list. At and near the seat of Government, the sensorium, as it were, of our sprawling, sea-sundered Empire, the monitions of Big Ben and other insistent timepieces led to its being frequently noticed, often with humorous, occasionally with profane, comment. In the Upper House it was no unusual thing for a peer in Opposition to refer with subtle irony to "My friend, the noble earl's, evident want of heed to our last horal

reminder in his specious and intemperate advocacy of the measure before us." In the Lower House greater freedom prevailed. The remark of an irrepressible member of a well-known political faction, that "The Prime Minister must have forgotten to say his prayers when the clock last struck, or he wouldn't be crammin' this bloodthirsty bill down the throats of our dragooned and prostrate fellow-subjects of the Antipodes," called forth a prompt rebuke from the Speaker; but his withdrawal, in which he deftly skirted the Scylla of apology on the one hand and the Charybdis of further offence on the other, was hailed by his colleagues as a masterpiece of evasive retreat. Yet there were times when the invading monitor, and the words now associated with it, were used with fine if not telling effect, several vivid orators finding them as potent as a veritable handwriting on the wall.

In the clubs, save by a few sentimentalists, it was treated with frank flippancy. The journalists, one of their own body being its chief propagandist, called it "Bristowe's Panacea," or even "Bristowe's Bolus," and its value as an instrument of social reform was ridiculed. "A doggerel stanza chopped into four parts, painfully recomposed every fifteen minutes, and at the end of the hour hurled in strident completeness at the heads of the public, tends only to torture, an inquisitorial agent no longer used in the Christian world." This cynical judgment of Hamo Vansittart, the eminent author and critic, was doubtless prompted by his extreme sensitiveness of ear, which, in this mortal state of imperfectly harmonised sounds, kept him on the edge of agony. A far more amiable and tolerant view was expressed by Sir Manton Trott, C.B.,

the distinguished traveller and Orientalist. "On the whole," he said, "I would much rather be reminded of the flight and sacredness of time by our English chimes, and by the homely words to which our critical friend objects, than by the muezzin's call to prayer from the minarets of the East. To say truth their monotonous, and I think equally strident, 'Allah! Allah!' has always in my case called up sinister and terrible visions rather than such surviving instincts of devotion as I possess." To the crude remark of young Peddlington (who writes impudent paragraphs for any newspaper that will print them) that "A carillon is only a sort of holy barrel-organ that kicks up a row as it revolves with a set of cranks and hammers, and in fact is nothing but a Buddhist's praying-wheel 'smouched' by Christianity," he replied with his memorable lecture on mechanical laws in the spiritual world.

In the Courts of Justice the idea was welcomed and quickly naturalised. Their lordships, the Judges, made frequent reference to the hourly, or quarter-hourly, incentives to lucid statement both on the part of counsel and witnesses. The Chief Justice, at the opening of Term (on the clock's striking in the midst of his address) made a graceful allusion to "that echo of old belfries, to which I hope we shall pay not less heed in the future than I trust we have done in the past." The barristers found it a godsend, especially in dealing with witnesses. One instance must suffice. Elphinstone Quirk K.C. was sounding the somewhat tortuous mind of John J. Ketchum, financier, company-promoter, and mining expert.

"Now," said he, "in the allocation of these shares, did you not, as a fact, receive for yourself £80,000 more than was originally agreed, as a sort of sugar-plum?"

"I don't remember," was the answer.

"Think, now! Surely you can't have forgotten so large a sum as that?"

"I handle millions, literally millions."

"Sir [on the three-quarters striking], dare you, with that awful reminder of the sanctity of your oath ringing in your ears,—I might even say that reminder of the final destination of all unsatisfactory witnesses—dare you, I repeat, profess ignorance on this vital point!"

"Now you've mentioned it," replied Mr. Ketchum, growing visibly paler, "I fancy I did. Anyhow, I'll ask my clerk."

In several divorce cases in high life the same method was successfully employed; but in the police courts it became almost a part of the regular machinery, in the hands of one well-known magistrate even an instrument of actual humour.

Of course the theatres promptly seized upon the idea, which proves (what has never really been doubted if we are to believe their managers) that they are essentially moral factors in the social scheme. Several leading houses, at great expense, introduced elaborate chiming apparatus for use in high tragedy or in more subtly psychological dramas. A vogue of virtue came in as the result. Purity and innocence sore beset by the tempter (usually a peer of enormous wealth), but strengthened to nobler resistance by these opportune mentors, formed a popular theme, and became the motive of several widely effective pieces by hands erstwhile differently employed. Chimes, in fact, grew an indispensable stage adjunct. A play without its musical carillon, coming in at the saving nick, was as flat and tasteless to the public as a ghostless HAMLET. Influential

assemblies demanded and acclaimed the high or low born virgin, falling on her knees at the stroke of the clock and thus defeating the enemy: lesser houses followed suit; and natural gravitation brought it to the music-halls, who bettered the instruction in several particulars.

Schools and colleges have, by rule and tradition, long urged the claims of the perishing hour, and the new idea therefore was not strange to them. It was hardly, however, taken kindly at the universities: "Good Lord! Another rag of the dons to keep us at work! We had chapels, proctors, tutors, deans, and examinations before!" Thus exclaimed the suffering world in *statu pupillari*. Yet cases were alleged of gently-nurtured youth checked on the verge of baccarat, bridge, and deeper vices, by the auricular warning. In places of primary instruction it met with better favour. It was probably near one of these,—a London Board School, in fact—that a number of infants engaged in polishing the icy pavement with their feet (whereby certain men of business fell heavily with strange oaths), were checked by an urchin of tender years with the startling words: "Hi, there! Wot are yer doin'? Don't cher 'ear that there bell!—'*Through this hour no foot may slide!*'" It was said that throughout the slippery season the number of fractures from falls of this kind were materially lessened by the teachers' inculcation of the rhyme, and its literal acceptance by their more susceptible pupils.

Very few instances of its effect came from the navy and army, chiefly perhaps because its members as a rule are not in touch with quarter-chiming clocks. Bugles, fifes, drums, whistles, and the like, form their principal reminders of duty. Nevertheless, there is on record the

sarcastic remark of a midshipman on leave, when the mystic notes were interpreted to him: "If I couldn't navigate my boat without saying my prayers twenty-four times a day to the tune the old cow died of, I'd turn her over to a country parson." But a bluff old admiral, when his niece (the beautiful Evelyn Hope afore-said) broached the matter to him, took a higher view. "My dear," he said, with almost paternal kindness; "it's really nothing new, only the true sailor's rule of life put into few words. A good sailor at sea is always praying when he isn't swearing; and if these clever young scientific chaps think they can do without it (praying, I mean, though the other has its uses too), they'll find before they get to my age that they can't." It should be said that Miss Hope, who greatly admired the young editor, had taken up the new devotional usage with enthusiasm, and was urging it upon her friends and others with considerable success. She had even carried her labours as far as the nearest garrison town; and, although depressed by the objection of a serjeant of infantry, that he "couldn't carry a bloomin' church-tower on his back through the whole of South Africa," was now cheered by a belief in the colonel's conversion to her cause.

It was doubtless due to the smaller theatres and music-halls that the surging street-populations of London and the provinces became sentimentally familiar with the devout rhyme. Masses always respond to emotional influences more readily than the cultured (and hardened) few. Perhaps, however, *sentimentally* is not the right word to employ. From the casual testimony of policemen, car-conductors, charwomen, and other such useful servants of the public, it appears that

some moral effect was unquestionably produced. Several classes of roving delinquents (male and female and only too well-known to officers of the Law) were evidently imbued with the sense of a connection between church and other chimes and their own misdeeds, or with the present and future punishment of them. Probably nothing more than a vague dread of impending retribution, liable to be unloosed by the bells' notes, caused William Sykes of Marylebone (a lineal descendant of the greater scoundrel) to cease from "bashing" his wife's head against the wall when the parish clock struck nine. "You did right, William," said the facetious magistrate before whom the pair were brought next day. "Always stop bashing her head when the clock strikes; heads were not made to bash, and besides the word is of low etymology. Go home and read about your namesake in OLIVER TWIST (I presume the School Board has attended to your secular education?) and see what came of his bashing his wife about. He got himself hanged, as you may yourself remember."

The amount of influence exerted at the opposite end of the social scale (both ends presenting the same problem of a large unemployed class) was more difficult to gauge. A story (unvouched for) was, however, told of a noble viscount who, calling in a quite conventional way (with a jewel-case in his pocket) on the wife of his absent friend, was arrested on the door-step by the Abbey chimes. "D— those confounded bells!" he was reported to have exclaimed, quite audibly, adding with equal distinctness: "No, by George! I won't. I'll do something out of the common, something original, something almost bizarre—I'll go back and live with my wife. By George,

I will!" A slight mental alienation, or at least eccentricity, was the cause alleged for his strange behaviour.

On the great toiling, self-absorbed world of business, official, commercial, and industrial, the airy echo might hardly be supposed to have made any deep mark. Yet instances were related of men being moved, even to the point of execration, by the intruding messenger. And the fact could not be denied that convictions for crime fell off surprisingly in the first part of the year, though it was carefully accounted for on other grounds by scientific experts. Despite, however, the sneers of cynics and the scepticism of doubt and prejudice, the year thus ushered in was bright with promise in many ways. Peace ruled throughout the Empire, save for the inevitable small fusilade on its borders. Anglo-Saxons of all classes in the English-speaking world (for the moment) spoke well of each other in their common tongue. At home Englishmen seemed disposed to live contentedly with their wives, and Englishwomen with their husbands; and larger families were talked of with favour. Commerce and shipping revived; capital and labour were on better terms. Bishops and clergy differed less on points of ritual, and so could spare more time for their several duties. Men of science began to think that the Universe might after all have had an intelligent, and possibly a benevolent, Creator. Idleness was discountenanced among the highest as well as the lowest; and plain living, with at least higher thinking, was found to have attractions. Literature developed new and delightful features. The novelists (always responsive to fresh impulses) found fascinating themes in unthought-of places. Poetry was studied; and young ladies in expensive schools and colleges began to read verse intelligently. Art re-

considered its late canons and ideals, returned to Greek models for the faces and forms of men and women, liked impressionism less, and learned to draw. Altogether life assumed a warmer and happier tinge for young and old.

To have been even a secondary agent in these millennial foreshadowings was worth much; and so the young editor, Mortimer Bristowe, esteemed it. Of higher value, no doubt, was the original idea; yet his own task of spreading it abroad seemed to him, in his modesty, deserving of almost equal honour. The fact was that the absorbed theologian who had started it (he was now deep in his *PRIMITIVE RELIGIONS* at his college chambers) never would drive home his darts. In the credit of the movement then, for to such it might now be said to have grown, he had a rightful share, and the thought gave him a grave but lofty pleasure. A carillon in the English sense (for poets and foreigners use it with wider meaning) might be only a mechanical toy, a turning cylinder jogging levers and bell-pulls, but he had given definite speech to the vibrations it evolved. He had made the ringing of chimes aids to human virtue, and the common hours (with even their quarters) canonical. Sitting in his den in Fleet Street (a comfortable one, it must be owned) visions of his achievement flitted before him. He saw people of all degrees,—in palaces, country mansions, and town houses, in offices, shops, and factories—helped in the mortal moral strife by his endeavours. He surveyed the solid results, partly set forth above; and then, in a fatal moment, he wrote an article calling attention to them.

This was an unlucky mistake. The new year had now run through its first four months, the weather was warmer

and a moral reaction might reasonably be expected. To say it was a great one would be wrong. But unfortunately, just after his article appeared, the Press announced an atrocious murder, a bad case of food-adulteration, an impending trial for divorce in the world of rank, the discovery of a huge commercial fraud, and an ecclesiastical prosecution. War, also, broke out with a powerful native tribe in Central Africa.

Nervous, sensitive, and highly-strung, the young editor braced himself for the inevitable ironies. A practical, common-sense world would not spare him. Nor did it; but his club was consolatory.

"A noble effort on your part, Bristowe," said his friend Vansittart, the critic, in the smoking-room; "and if futile all the more worthy of an idealist."

The editor smiled, but shook his head. He spoke little, and rarely defended himself or his theories.

"But I doubt if it is really futile," said Sir Manton Trott, the benevolent traveller, just off for the Upper Nile. "I should be only too glad to stay and watch its development."

"Almost as good an idea as the Salvation Army," said little Peddlington. "Wish I'd started it myself."

"As a psychological experiment I have followed it with interest," remarked Hexton, who called himself a natural philosopher. "Admirably synchronised, too; no time in the world like the new year for a movement of the kind. I applaud your judgment."

"The social organism," resumed his friend, the critic, "is an inscrutable puzzle. At one time a pin-prick will make it shiver like a jelly, at another a bludgeon leaves it unmoved. I have tried both in my capacity of critic,

but never with certain results. Yet you have undoubtedly succeeded in popularising a religious idea with the masses; and I believe your Guild of Hourly Invocation will do the same with what is supposed to be the upper class."

"The Guild is not mine," said Bristowe, flushing slightly. This was true. The new society, bearing some faint resemblance to the famous household of Little Gidding, was the outcome of Evelyn Hope's enthusiasm, fanned no doubt by his own. But now there were more personal reasons why he did not wish to mention her name in his club, high as its tone towards women undoubtedly was.

Vansittart looked at him closely, and saw light. "I have always fancied that idea of the carillon," he said with a change of manner, "in spite of my friendly gibes. There is something solemn and mysterious in horology; and I myself never hear chimes (except the more discordant) without a subtle suggestion of things beyond our ordinary consciousness. A new religious society, moreover, is full of potential influence. It marks a return to the simplicities of childhood, to the sublimities of a faith once thought dead. Confuting common-sense and scorning science, it gives the lie to experience, and affronts while it charms our understanding. To-day it is an anachronism, a survival; yet it may wield more power than ever before in history; it may outlast empires and republics, and realise itself in forms of permanent beauty. Therefore I wish it success; and if it should need an alternative title, call it [he smiled significantly] call it the Guild of Hope."

A. G. HYDE.

LOVE'S DESPAIR.

[In Shakespeare's sixty-fourth sonnet there is a striking couplet in which he meditates on the universality of change and decay :

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

The Persian poet Jāmi, who lived in the fifteenth century (1414-92), has an apologue in his mystical poem entitled *THE ROSARY OF THE RIGHTEOUS*, which furnishes an interesting parallel to this outburst of passionate despair.]

LIST to a tale the wise Z'ul-Nūn¹ hath told,
That lord of saintship's realm in days of old.

"Mecca was once a dwelling-place of mine ;
I watched devoutly at the sacred shrine.
There once I saw a youth who stood apart,—
Youth, say I ? nay, one scorched to th' inmost heart.
Thin was he like the crescent moon and pale ;
I knew that he had looked behind the veil.
'Art thou a lover, in love's madness caught,
That thou thus standest here like one distraught ?'
'I am the slave of some one's charms, and she
Hath many a lover, many a slave like me.'
'Is thy beloved one near, or is thy day
Dark as the midnight's gloom with her away ?'
'No,—in her presence I spend all my days,
To be the dust she treads my highest praise.'
'Hath she one soul with thine, one heart, one will,
Or is she ruthless, bent to do thee ill ?'
'Alike the rising and the setting sun
See our two souls as milk and sugar one.'
'What ! thy love dwells with thee,—thy will her law,
Her heart in tune with thine,—no jar, no flaw ;
Then wherefore art thou pale and thin, and why
Thus wrapped from head to foot in misery ?'
'Away, away,' he cried, 'thou'rt strangely wrong,—
Silence is better than a foolish tongue.
Worse than all absence 'tis to be thus near,
The thought of loss stops my life's blood for fear.
Absence hath hope to hold its lamp before,
But nearness hath fear's fire that gnaws its core.'"

E. B. COWELL.

¹ Z'ul-Nūn of Egypt was a celebrated Mahomedan saint who died A.D. 860.

IN SLIPPERY PLACES.

"THIS is disgraceful, Simeon!" said the rector, when he had made sure in the darkness.

Simeon lurched across the narrow lane over the hardened snow and expletively invited the rector to "Come on!" while one star in a black sky twinkled through the trees at the entertainment.

It was wayward chance, for Simeon, latterly, seldom got drunk, and the rector seldom visited the village at that hour on a winter's night. It was unkind chance, for on bibulousness the rector waged righteous war, and Simeon not only lived in the shadow of the rectory and did odd jobs thereat, but cherished open aspirations towards the sextonship, presently vacant. It was perverse chance, for Simeon had encountered that human hornet of a Tom Kilby at the corner of Church Lane and Simeon yet smarted fierily.

"He couldn't make out who I was," related Kilby next morning when strange rumours ran. "He reeled and spluttered all over the road. I made believe call the bobby, and he began to take his coat off. I threatened him with the rector, and he cursed all parsons up hill and down dale. He put up his hands and scraped a mark for me to tread on. Rich!" said Kilby.

The rector of course knew nothing. Recognition of the well-known little round figure hobbling deviously ahead shocked his faith in fair-spoken humanity. He felt he did well to be angry. Simeon's private mutterings ceased and the rector, with intense severity, said, "Simeon, this is disgraceful!"

But one idea possessed Simeon's fuddled brain. He stopped, swung round, swayed, tossed off his hat theatrically, and his fists revolved. "Got yer thish time!" he ejaculated viciously as he advanced.

The rector, amazed and reiterating "Disgraceful!", receded. Simeon, breathing slaughter against "Parshons," followed drunkenly. They went backward and forward, hither and thither, across the lane. Simeon faced the village and barred the way to the church. At times he slipped, and the way he recovered himself was surprising; once or twice the hedge saved him. Suddenly, amid his oaths and gestures, the dim light of a half perception seemed to strike him. He dropped his hands and stood struggling with the immensity of a growing fact. The rector confronted him, buttoned to the jaws, very straight and stern.

"I believe it ish?" hazarded Simeon at length, inclining his head forward and aside. The rector very curtly assured him that it was.

Simeon straightened himself and touched his forehead with his forefinger. "I asks yer pardon shir, I'm sure. I 'umbly asks yer pardon." The forefinger went to and fro briskly. "I—I—mishtook." His body swayed rhythmically. The wind scattered the scanty tufts of hair above his ears.

"You had better get your hat," the rector suggested coldly.

The hat lay by the hedge a few yards away. As Simeon stooped for it he lost his balance and fell in a heap. "Got me down," he remarked,

looking up; "my rheumatish," he added in explanation.

The rector helped him up, and squeezed his hat upon his head. "I perceive I shall have to see you home, Simeon," he observed. "When you are sober again, you and I will have a talk together." The tone of this promise did not favour Simeon's chances for the sextonship.

They had some two hundred yards to go. On either hand, stretching dark against the snow, rose high hedges, whence trees sprang at irregular intervals. Ahead, through the bare branches, the rectory windows glowed, three or four of them; and slightly to the left and lower, lurking nearer to the earth in proper humility of station, glimmered one casement, that of Simeon's cottage. "Sh'd think th'ole woman's gone to bed," remarked Simeon, interrogating the distant square bodingly.

The trodden snow became streaked with black bands where the children had made slides. Simeon's progress, in his canny endeavours to avoid these, grew more devious than ever. He lurched against the rector heavily. "Rheumatish," was his apology; "gits in my legsh." At last his heels went from under him and he sat down suddenly with a sounding shock and a grunt. "D—dash it!" he exclaimed. He remained sitting, his legs wide and his hands, palms downwards, pressing the snow on each side of him.

"What again, Simeon?" was the rector's comment. "This may prove a lesson to you. Remember sinners stand in slippery places."

"They—beat—me," grunted Simeon after a pause,—"thish rheumatish!" He shook his head sadly. "Shlippery plaish," he repeated, stroking the slide on which he sat and looking down at it curiously. Then he peered away up the lane, seemingly in deep rumi-

nation. At length he deliberately sprawled out on hands and knees and began to draw himself along on all fours. The rector's somewhat cynical curiosity changed to amazement as he comprehended. Simeon's intention was to crawl home.

The primitive instinct of progression came out strong in him under emergency, and he made considerable speed, covering some ten yards while the rector was vaguely wondering what animal he called to mind. Then on a sudden the rector became hot; a sense of some undefinable, mysteriously participated personal degradation burned in him. Bending down he constrained Simeon's shoulder strongly. "Come, come," he said in imperious emotion; "you cannot go like this. Get up and use your legs. Walk!"

"You can," protested Simeon.

The rector, stirred, almost dragged him up. "Pull yourself together, man!" he said. He gripped his arm under Simeon's to the shoulder, tightly. He was the taller, surely he could keep Simeon upright and moving despite the slides. But he had hardly reckoned with the infinite vagaries of a drunken man's legs. Simeon's appeared possessed of all possible perversity, diversity: they flung themselves North, East, West, South, describing arcs, ellipses, parabolas; they clung to earth, they aspired to heaven; by turns they crushed the toes, by turns they entwined themselves round the calves of the rector, to whom they appeared as numerous as the legs of a centipede.

Simeon, whose articulation improved, professed that they advanced gloriously. In his babble he chose to reverse their respective conditions. He arrogated leadership, he vaunted capacity, and was profuse of encouragement. "You stick ter me," he counselled the rector heroically. "You

stick ter me; *I'll* see you righted. Why, bless yer, if twarn't for my rheumaty knees I c'd ha' carried yer."

The rector was too busy for words. Half-framed phrases of homiletic rebuke faded from his mind. His mouth was wide for air; his arms ached intolerably, and he had not dreamed one could so perspire with the air at freezing point. More than once his heart jumped as they escaped falling by a miracle, and he remembered, with very personal keenness, that bones break easily in frosty weather. He mentally reckoned each yard of progress, his eyes gauging longingly the distance to the glimmering casement ahead, less than a hundred yards away. That and the red squares of his own windows took, to his fretted senses, a remoteness that was painful. The black clouds, the hard pallor of the snow, the inscrutable trees, the icy sparkle of the one or two stars visible oppressed him with a feeling of loneliness that was almost fear. Once his lips shaped to cry for help, but he checked himself in shame and for some few yards their progress was straighter. Then, just as he was breathing more easily, they fell together in a heap.

Save for an arrow of pain and the burden of Simeon's eleven-stone person across him the rector could have laughed, despite the shock, for the tension was broken. But the edged twinge from his ankle went to his stomach. When Simeon rolled off him one tentative touch of the foot on earth made him exclaim. "It's out, I think," he said; "anyhow I can't walk." He laughed this time, in bitter acceptance of the bitter ridiculous, as he sat on the snow nursing the injured ankle in his hands. Simeon appeared suddenly overwhelmed. He knelt bunched up beside the rector, peering at t'

ankle, his hands flat on the snow, his head screwed aside and his mouth agape.

"You will have to get home somehow, Simeon," said the rector. "Go to your wife first; she will tell them at the rectory. They must bring the old wheel-chair."

Simeon recovered himself. "I'll go," he said with confidence. "I've bin further'n this on 'ands an' knees. It's no journey. Gosh!" he ejaculated, looking skyward, "it rains!"

An icy drop or two fell; the few stars had withdrawn. Simeon briskly shaped for travelling. "Ah, but,—," he said, slewing round again, "you'll ketch cold, sittin'. 'Ere!"

At the word Simeon straightened his back and took off his coat. He seemed seized by a sudden fever of haste. "You put this under yer fr to sit on," he said, "underneath yer." He began to cushion the rector who demurred. "If you don't I wunt go," Simeon declared.

Thus threatened the rector permitted the cushioning, and Simeon in his shirt-sleeves made a right wheel. Then he again screwed his head round; "Turn yer collar up," he commanded, "put yer 'ankercher round yer neck." The rector obediently took out his pocket-handkerchief.

"Not that!" burst out Simeon contemptuously. "'Twouldn't keep a cat warm. 'Av this." He began to undo the ample kerchief which girt his own neck in lieu of collar. "It—chokes—me!" he averred, struggling with the knot savagely. The rector, a little dubious, took the voluminous kerchief in his hand. "Clean this very mornin'," Simeon assured him. "You'll put it on?"

"Yes, yes," said the rector. "Pray go!"

"Wriggle close under the 'edge," counselled Simeon in parting, "an'

keep wropped up. Clean this very mornin'," was his last word, from over his shoulder.

Perhaps it was his unusual point of sight, but the rector looked after Simeon crawling into obscurity with none of that former tingling repugnance. Not for a full minute did he remember that his wife and niece were out for the evening. Then he could have groaned aloud, reflecting also that the gardener lived a furlong from the rectory. Simeon was drunk; he might fall asleep, and it might be hours before help came. He shivered; the wind cut; the pitiless icy drops bit where they fell. A piercing twinge from the injured ankle peremptorily forbade any attempt at motion. He cowered, huddling himself, and waited.

The loneliness deepened. The branches creaked peevisly in the wind, and the raindrops descended with a vengeful hiss, making faint flashes as they broke on the dark slides. Around the obscurity took a harder, more impervious blackness. A rat rustling in the hedge made the rector's heart jump, and then stand still. While he was chiding himself for his foolishness a faint sound in the direction of his hope caused him to strain his hearing. A long minute passed and he recognised the squeak of a wheel turning on its axis. There was no sound of footsteps or voices. The advancing shadow neared and grew and the rector exclaimed aloud in his surprise. It was Simeon, erect and trundling a large wheelbarrow.

"I know'd they were all out up at the 'ouse," said Simeon reversing the wheelbarrow alongside the sitting rector triumphantly. "So I put my 'ead under the pump an' thought o' my barrer; it'll take yer comftably." He sat on the handle an instant. "My missis is abed; which may be

as well, for what women dunno they don't tell, generally. When we git there we can 'ev 'er up accordin'."

"But—!" questioned the rector, peering earthward, puzzled.

"Oh! my shoes," answered Simeon with a hoarse cackle. "I took 'em off y'see; else I couldn't 'a' walked." He held up a white-stockinged foot, lifting the calf with his hands. "It give me a grip an' the barrer stiddied me fine. I know'd the rain 'ud make it slippier'n ever wi' the frost comin' out o' the ground." He raised the other foot for inspection. "I'll change 'em by an' by," he said, referring to the stockings.

The rector's head fell back in the hedge and his sides shook. Simeon, unmoved, spread a sack he had brought over the bottom of the wheelbarrow. "Now let's 'ev you in," he said, matter of fact.

The rector made no further demur, but tacitly acknowledged the master resource. When he had raised himself and was safely seated in the barrow he laughed low and brokenly. The wheelbarrow squeaked and Simeon grunted duly, as they set forth.

* * * * *

"It is impossible to conceal anything in a country parish," said the rector afterwards. "In truth I felt rather glad, in spite of the pain, that I wasn't able to get about again for a week or two. The village, I have no doubt, enjoyed the facts immensely. Really, though it was weeks later, the next time I rose in the school-room (I was chairman at a temperance meeting) everybody smiled; indeed at the back there was quite a titter. I'm afraid my own face wasn't of the straightest," he confessed, his eyes twinkling.

W. H. RAINSFORD.

JACQUES CASANOVA.¹

It is said that when Carlyle was attempting to pierce the mystery of the Diamond Necklace he desired to consult the MEMOIRS of Casanova, and that not a single copy of the book was to be found in England. Placed upon the index it was so severely banned that not even a scholar might turn over its forbidden pages. Casanova would have provided Carlyle with little else than an epigram eight words long: he could reveal no secret concerning the Diamond Necklace, because he knew nothing of that famous intrigue; and Carlyle would have had little sympathy with his philosophy of life. But for all that Casanova was a true child of his age, at once Knight Errant and Wandering Jew, a strange mixture of vice and intelligence, of dishonesty and honour. Above all he revealed himself with a marvellous frankness, and he left behind an autobiography rarely surpassed in the world's history. Therefore we cannot regret that our fortune is better than Carlyle's, that not only are Casanova's MEMOIRS easily accessible in their native French, but that for those who shrink from the original, there is an English version neatly executed and prudently expurgated.

Jacques Casanova, the most reckless adventurer who ever rescued a damsel in distress or broke a farobank, was born of roving parents in

1725. His father was an actor whom his mother, the daughter of an honest shoemaker, had married against the will of her parents. She not only married Gaëtan Casanova, but she also embraced his profession; and, though her son amiably insisted that she possessed no talent whatever, she remained an actress until the end. Jacques had such a bringing up as Bohemia affords, but his quick wits were in his favour, and at sixteen he was received Doctor of Law by the University of Padua. His own bent was to study medicine, and it would have been wiser, says he in a brilliant flash of self-knowledge, had he been permitted to follow his bent, since in medicine charlatanism is more useful than in law. But his mother was determined to make him an advocate, and it was only his own resolution which saved him from a distasteful career. The truth is he hated all work that was not a pleasure, and, after a brief interval devoted to the Church, he chose the only profession which suited his peculiar talents,—the profession of an adventurer. Henceforth he served no harder master than his own inclination, and if "he emptied his friends' purses," as he said, "to satisfy his caprices," the money cumbered his pocket but a moment, and straightway passed on to enrich another.

To follow his wanderings is to exhaust the map of Europe. He was but eighteen when he found his way to Constantinople, on what errand he knew not himself. But his instinct to keep the best of company was

¹ THE MEMOIRS OF JACQUES CASANOVA DE SEINGALT. In two volumes: London, 1902. JACOB CASANOVA SEIN LEBEN UND SEINE WERKE; von Victor Ottman. Stuttgart, 1900.

already awake, and he carried with him a letter to M. de Bonneval, an indiscreet Frenchman, who had turned Mussulman, and who wore the turban as he wore a uniform. "Had the Jews offered me the command of fifty thousand men," de Bonneval told Casanova, "I would have laid siege to Jerusalem." Under these auspices Casanova had a foretaste of the grandeur which was presently to be his. He played and he won; he indulged his fancy for elegant banquets and fine raiment. Wherever he went he was courted by the fair, and applauded by the witty. But disgrace, which dogged his footsteps to the end, soon overtook him, and he was thrust into prison on a charge (so he says) of thrashing a servant. However, he was soon at liberty, and shaking the dust of Constantinople from his feet, he made his way back to Venice. Here, too, bad luck awaited him. He lost at the tables, and with his money vanished health, courage, and repartee. His self-confidence was not yet perfect. He knew not how to ruffle it with an empty pocket, and, professional gamester though he was, he had not yet learned the art of correcting fortune. He was, therefore, compelled for a while to earn a crown a day fiddling at a theatre, and it is not surprising that he regarded this episode as a blot upon his career.

But Casanova was born under a fortunate star. He was not destined to spend his life scraping music in an orchestra, and before long came an opportunity which he was quick to seize. He had played at a wedding, and going homeward overtook a red-robed senator, who offered him a place in his gondola. Suddenly the senator was seized with apoplexy; Casanova hastened to find a doctor, and having taken M. de Bragadin (such was the senator's name) back

to his palace, he complacently installed himself there. "If I leave the poor man," he said sententiously, "he will die; so long as I remain he will live." He could not have pursued a wiser policy. M. de Bragadin was an amateur of the occult sciences, and he at once took Casanova for an adept. The rascal did not contradict him, for he was never reluctant to claim the knowledge thrust upon him by others. He modestly invented an old hermit who had taught him to make certain calculations, which M. de Bragadin instantly recognised as the *clavicula* of Solomon, called *cabala* by the vulgar. Thus Casanova became the hierophant of M. de Bragadin and his friends. He told them what they wished to believe, and they construed his answers as best suited their purpose. Henceforth they did nothing without consulting their adept, and he in return was adopted by M. de Bragadin as a son. "You need have no thought for the future," said the worthy man; "you have nothing to do but to amuse yourself, and whatever may happen be sure that I shall always be your father and your friend."

Casanova wished nothing better. To be rich and protected was the career which of all others he would have chosen for himself. He gave a loose rein to his inclination. He gambled, he talked, he wrote verses, he made love to all the beautiful women who crossed his path, and he was supremely happy. "I began to give myself airs," said he, "to lay down the law, and to quote authors whom I had never read." If ever he was involved in a difficulty, Serenus (the cabalistic name of M. de Bragadin) was ready to extricate him, after a brief consultation of their oracle, which they had agreed to call Paralis. Paralis, indeed, was omnipotent, and served Casanova loyally until the day

came when he hung his arms upon the wall, and retired beaten from the contest. Meanwhile he rode gaily down the highway of fortune. Henriette succeeded Christine, Esther rivalled Thérèse, and Casanova's heart beat susceptible, yet never broke. But like all men of enterprise he desired to see the world. Venice, despite her attractions, was too small for his ambition, and as he had won money all the winter he determined (in 1750) to set out for Paris.

What delight was his! To be young, rich, and for the first time in Paris! Though he wrote his *MEMOIRS* an angry old man in the seclusion of Dux, he could not keep from his pages the joyous enthusiasm of youth. He visited the Palais Royal as a pilgrim visits a shrine, and his ardour was unchecked by the bad chocolate and worse coffee which they gave him to drink. He marvelled open-eyed at the crowd waiting to have its snuff-boxes filled at the Civet Cat, where they have been filling snuff-boxes ever since; but he instantly caught the habit of the place, took his part in the comedy played around him, and in two days the famous men of Paris were his friends. Crébillon taught him French, though he could not cure his pupil of Italian idioms; he saw the King and Madame de Pompadour; he listened to the modest eloquence of D'Alembert. To this first visit to France he looked back with enduring pleasure, and while he described it, he knew that he had seen the city he loved best for the last time. "The popular effervescence there," said he in the tone of a true courtier, "has disgusted me, and I am too old to hope to see it calm down." So he returned to Venice after three years of wandering, conscious that his time had not been wasted. "I had gained experience," said he, "of men and manners.

I was acquainted with the laws of honour and politeness. I felt I was superior to my surroundings." And in this assurance he took up his old life with an added moderation and reserve.

But, for all his good resolutions, he was soon as careless as ever, and in M. de Bernis he found a most suitable comrade for his revels. No place seemed sacred in his joyous eyes; at a wave of his hand even the convent parlour became a ball-room, and he drank the cup of pleasure unalloyed, until suddenly he attracted the attention of the State Inquisitors. To what he owed this awkward courtesy is uncertain, for his own account is untrustworthy. It is characteristic of the man that, brutally frank in all else, he is careful to conceal the causes of his many imprisonments, and to explain tortuously his frequent expulsions from foreign capitals. However, he declares that Manuzzi, a spy of the Inquisition, visiting him on a false pretence, detected on his bookshelves certain books and manuscripts which dealt with magic. Though he indignantly protests that he was never a dupe himself, Casanova always found it both pleasant and profitable to dabble with the occult sciences, and this time, if we may believe him, he paid for his taste. A few days after Manuzzi's visit, the Great Inquisitor arrested Casanova before sunrise, seized his suspected library, which contained such works as the *ZECOR-BEN*, the *CLAVICULA SALAMONIS*, and an essay on the Planetary Hours, and sent him after a hasty examination to the notorious state prison of Venice—the Leads. His cell was neither elegant nor commodious. The poor window which it boasted was blocked by a huge beam placed athwart, and its ceiling was so low that Casanova could not stand upright within it. Worse

still, it was infested with rats and fleas. Such was the dungeon in which the hero was forced to lay down his paduasoy mantle, his beautiful new coat, his hat trimmed with a long white feather and Spanish point lace, like a strayed reveller in a hovel. The surroundings harmonised so little with Casanova's taste, that he felt his mind totter. When his right hand touched his left, cold and numb from the hardness of the boards on which he lay, he thought he was touching the hand of a dead stranger. In his own words, "what was true appeared false, and what was false appeared true." But like a brave man he called philosophy to his aid, and resolved never to surrender the hope of freedom while life was in him. Nor were the books with which an indulgent gaoler provided him designed to cool his heated imagination. THE MYSTICAL CITY, by Maria d'Agrada, tortured his sleep with extravagant dreams, which, like the man of letters that he was, he longed to put upon paper. Yet despite visions, solitude, and vermin, he preserved his courage, and instantly began to make a plan of escape. His only chance was to pierce the floor of his cell, and where were the instruments fit for so difficult an enterprise? Here again luck and philosophy aided him. "I have always held," said he, "that what a man wants to do, that he will do, in spite of all difficulties, but he must begin early, for after a certain age fortune forsakes one, and cannot be whistled back."

Casanova was but thirty, and he did not whistle in vain. One day, walking up and down a large cell next his own in which he was allowed to take exercise, he espied among other rubble an iron bar and a piece of black marble. Instinct told him their value; yet when he first concealed them among his shirts he did not know the precise

use to which he would put them. It was not long, however, before he had made a long octagonal dagger by rubbing the bolt upon the marble, and with this implement he set out to bore a hole in the floor. After sawing through two stout boards, he came upon a layer of what the Venetians call *terrazzo marmorin*, and was in despair, until he remembered that Hannibal had made a passage through the Alps with vinegar. Straightway he poured the vinegar from his salad through the hole, and with excellent effect. The omens, too, were propitious: escape seemed within his reach; and then the blow fell upon him. As an especial favour, he was moved to pleasanter quarters, and not only was all his work made vain, but his plot was revealed to his gaoler.

Yet he was undaunted. He reduced his gaoler to silence by threats of exposure, and speedily devised another plan. Through the gaoler's mediation he had exchanged books with a fellow-prisoner, a monk named Balbi, and the two not only lent or borrowed books, but presently began a correspondence. Casanova, with his keen sense of character, soon summed up the miserable Balbi, yet in spite of the monk's stupidity he determined to make use of him. He was the more easily persuaded to this course, because escape could only be made from Balbi's cell, and he conveyed his precious dagger to the monk, concealed in the binding of THE VULGATE. It was Balbi's business not only to pierce the floor which divided him from Casanova, but also to make a passage from his own cell out upon the roof. The monk set to work in fear, and Casanova, as he translated an ode of Horace, listened in jubilation to the tapping overhead. The hero, consulting the ORLANDO FURIOSO as to the time of

his escape, had pitched upon the line, *Fra il fin d'ottobre e il capo di novembre*, and it was near midnight on October 31st when he and Balbi made their way through the holes pierced by the monk on to the roof. The Inquisitors were in the country, and the gaolers had seized the chance of a carouse, so that the fugitives had a fair start, and Casanova surveyed the city from a gable in the roof with a proud satisfaction. Two hundred feet in front were the cupolas of St. Mark's, and as he looked out upon the church, the bell struck twelve. The tag from Ariosto came to his mind, and then he was sure that success was his. But there was many a difficulty still unsolved. To enter the garret window was easy enough, and one of them could be let down by the cord which Casanova had made of his bed-clothes. But what of the other? They dared neither lose their cord nor leave so obvious a clue. Balbi, of course, insisted upon going first, and Casanova was left to wander alone over the roof. But there upon a sort of terrace he found that which never eludes an escaping prisoner,—a ladder, which, with infinite toil, he pushed through the garret window, and so descended. He found himself in a vast gallery, and then, incapable of further effort, he fell into a deep slumber, to the great fear and disgust of Balbi. When he awoke it was five o'clock, and outside Venice was beginning to stir. Exploring the gallery, he found it led to the Ducal Chancery, whence they emerged, by smashing the panels, on to the staircase of the palace. Between them and freedom was but a vast door, too strong to batter, which would yield only to the porter's key. There was nothing left but to put a bold face upon it, and setting his fine hat trimmed with gold Spanish lace on his head, Casanova gazed nonchalantly

out of the window. He attracted instant attention; the porter fearing he had locked in a senator by mistake, hastened to undo the door, and as the door turned upon its hinges, Casanova and Balbi fled across the square on to the quay, and before the signal of alarm could be given, they had leapt into a gondola.

Free at last, Casanova stood upon the pinnacle of good fortune. He was proud of his escape, and justly proud, until the day of his death. Moreover, he had won fame as well as freedom. Henceforth, wherever he went, he was pointed out as the notorious Casanova who had escaped from the Leads. Kings and popes asked him, in all humility, to relate the story of his flight, and with a characteristic arrogance he was wont to put them off with an excuse. But he was never tired of telling the tale to his friends, and he told it, says the Prince de Ligne, with inimitable spirit and energy. So, gay and famous, he wandered up and down the world, always suspected of this crime or that, until he might boast that he had been expelled from every capital in Europe. Gambling was the real business of his life, now as always, and none ever showed finer courage at the green table. When he was in good fortune he kept the bank; but if luck frowned on him, he did not disdain to punt with the most reckless. He played to win, and therefore was not too scrupulous in the handling of the cards. Thackeray borrowed his philosophy for Barry Lyndon, and it may be summed up in the words: "Never cheat, but get the better of fortune." This happy end may be "attained by some happy stroke of fortune, some touch of dexterity, independent of luck;" and Casanova considered that "a prudent player can make use of either or both these means, without incurring blame or being taxed with

cheating." Nor was it only by getting the better of fortune that Casanova filled his pocket. He did not disdain the immemorial practice of the decoy, and with Antonio Croce's wife to attract the unwary, that Milanese scoundrel and Casanova once fleeced an English Jew and a wealthy Swede of many thousands. But in the eighteenth century gambling did more than fill the pocket; it took its professors into the best company. Thus it was through the cards that Casanova knew Fox, to whom he once lent fifty louis, which the statesman paid him back years afterwards in London. Through the cards, also, he encountered the Duke de Roseburi, that diffident youth who bowed oftener than he spoke, and whom Casanova only once saw smile. Though generally lucky he knew, like other gamblers, what it was to be fleeced, since fortune sometimes refuses to be corrected; and once, when he broke the bank at biribi, he was paid in light coin, for passing which he came near to imprisonment. Yet for many years he had no other means of livelihood than magic and the card-table, and since he most often lived in splendour, it is evident that he knew how strokes should be made and had the courage to make them.

On one occasion he rose to heroism. It was at Salsbach, where a Frenchman, named d'Enragues, offered him his revenge at piquet. Casanova was indifferent, and complained that the Frenchman always gave up after a brief hour of play. D'Enragues, in anger, pressed his adversary, and proposed that the first who left the table should lose fifty louis. This was a bet after Casanova's heart, and he eagerly accepted it. At three o'clock they sat down, and at nine d'Enragues suggested supper. "You are free to go," said Casanova, "but I shall pocket the hundred louis." They played

through the night, and when the water-drinkers appeared at six in the morning, they found the heroes still absorbed. Throughout the next day they faced each other across the table with no other food than chocolate and a cup of broth. Casanova boasts that he is still fresh, and declares that his adversary "looks like a dug-up corpse." In vain their friends intervene. Obdurate they sit through another night, until at nine o'clock the next day d'Enragues rocks in his chair, and falls fainting to the floor. "He was carried to bed," says Casanova with pride; "I gave six louis to the marker, who had marked for forty-two hours, put my gold in my pocket, and walked down to the apothecary's. I then went to bed and slept till three." It is superb; and who can wonder that Casanova counted this conquest of d'Enragues among his loftiest triumphs?

When the cards failed him, he fell back upon magic, and here he was no mean rival of Cagliostro, who more than once crossed his path. For many years he lived upon the amiable credulity of M. de Bragadin, and he found Madame D'Urfé an easier and yet more profitable dupe. For Casanova she was Semiramis, and he was her Galtinarde. An extravagant vanity persuaded her that she was an adept, and Casanova befooled her with flattery, until she obeyed him in all things, and paid whatever price he chose to ask for his counsel. For many years he consoled and plundered this poor lady. She bought him out of prison, she gave him jewels, she squandered money on him; while he in return conducted a correspondence between her and the moon, and as a final act of chicanery, superintended the great metamorphosis, whereby she was to be born again in the shape of a man. This masquerade of mysticism is eminently characteristic of the age

which respected Cagliostro, and one knows not which is the more surprising, the simplicity of Madame d'Urfé, or the cold shamelessness of Casanova who set down the facts with no more than a word of apology. Yet of all his achievements he liked his domination of Semiramis the least; and, though he was glad enough to swindle his "poor old friend" while she lived, her death by an overdose of the panacea was a shock to more than his pocket. But in dealing with the occult sciences Casanova followed the taste of the time, and his contemporaries no doubt deemed it his worst sin that he pretended to a deeper knowledge than he possessed.

And of this pretence Casanova was always guilty. The rapidity of his wit enabled him to pick the brains of others without their discovering the theft. When he came to Paris, in all the pride of his escape, he cast about him for an honest livelihood. M. de Bernis, always his friend, urged him to "invent something which would bring money into the royal coffers," and gave him a letter to M. de Boulogne, the Comptroller General. Now, Casanova knew nought of finance, but he told M. de Boulogne unabashed that he had "a scheme in his head which would enrich the king by the interest on a hundred millions." Of course he had nothing of the sort in his head; but when M. de Boulogne innocently remarked, "I know of what you are thinking," he feigned surprise, and wisely held his tongue. The royal financiers were less astute, and one of them, handing him a book said, "There is your project, M. Casanova." There it was in truth,—a lottery, and M. Casanova hastened to make it his own. Moreover, if he could not invent, he could amend, and a few suggestions so vastly improved the plan, that the patient

officials readily attributed it to the man who knew least about it. The lottery proving successful, Casanova was clearly marked out for preferment. He was sent upon a secret mission to Dunkirk, and presently was dispatched to Holland to discount the royal paper. In these enterprises his tireless energy and quick intelligence served him well, and though it is to his credit that he always made a bad spy, he had a shrewd head for business, and might have died a rich man but for his spendthrift habit. But even in Holland the beauty of Esther Hope charmed him more than her father's money-bags, for after all love was the ruling passion of his life.

No man was ever a more liberal lover. The image of M. M., exquisite though it was, could not wholly efface the subdued beauty of C. C.; he had room in his heart for Pauline and Mlle. X. C. V., for Helène and Hedwige; few indeed were the ladies over whom he did not shed a tear of sensibility at parting. He loved them all, but he was the enemy of marriage, and he was forced, too often by a hard-hearted magistrate, to ride away. Whether they loved him is another question; but one at least, the peerless Henriette, remembered him to the end, and tended him with devotion when he lay ill and broken in Spain. He himself was complacent in good and evil fortune. "My vanity was excessive in those days," he wrote, looking back to his brilliant youth with pride. "I considered all the women of Europe one vast seraglio destined for my pleasure." But despite his predilection, he was no mere trifler, no indolent breaker of women's hearts. Other interests claimed him and other ambitions. Like all the distinguished men of his time, he cultivated

wit, and dabbled in scholarship. He vaunted his power of repartee with some justice, and his best sallies are at once quick and dignified. Moreover, in prison and out of it, he had always been a student, he had read books and written them. In his old age, indeed, he became something of a pedant, and bored the Prince de Ligne and his other friends by incessantly quoting Homer and Horace, both of whom he had translated. But his genuine interest in humane letters is everywhere evident in his MEMOIRS, and he talked with poets and philosophers upon equal terms. To converse with great men was, in truth, his constant pride, and in his pages we get glimpses of Rousseau and Voltaire, of Helvetius and Winckelmann. He held but a poor opinion of Rousseau, and he declined to call his own book "Confessions," because that title had been usurped by an *extravagant*. But he confesses himself a Voltairean, and boldly exchanged pleasantries with the philosopher of Ferney. Voltaire, of course, got the better of him, for which Casanova cherished an enduring spite against him. Yet he had the grace to be sorry for it afterwards, and confessed that had it not been for Voltaire's satirical habit, he would have considered him sublime. Nor is it surprising that this link between the old world and the new should have declaimed bitterly against Goethe and Wieland, whom in his old age he met at Weimar. What pleasure, indeed, could a hoary-headed classic take in their poetry or in their pompous gospel of romance? He neither understood their language, nor patiently endured their influence. So he left Weimar in a rage, and solaced himself by remembering the sallies of Voltaire and the amiability of Haller.

As he knew the great men, so he

knew the great capitals of Europe. Always a wanderer, he regarded all cities as his home, save his native Venice which he might not enter. At Berlin he was granted an interview with the great Frederic, who offered him a post which his vanity could not accept. At Vienna he was snubbed by Joseph the Second, upon whom he took an intrepid revenge. "I do not like people who buy titles," said the Emperor. "And what about those who sell them, Sire?" replied Casanova. The other Emperor, Catherine the Great, did not stir his imagination, and he left Russia unappreciative, the more so since he disliked the Russian system of gambling, which was to play and not pay. In Poland he enjoyed a social triumph, until his duel with Branecki made him too notorious, and he was forced once more to fly in disgrace. But nowhere was he so happy as in England. He liked the "proud islanders," the beauty of their country, the solidity of their food, and the excellence of their roads. His judgment is poles apart from the judgment of the French tourists, who visited England in the eighteenth century, and gave vent to their spleen in angry pamphlets. Wherever he went he was well received, in St. James's as in the City; he discovered in Madame Cornelys, the Circe of Soho Square, an old friend, and he attended her receptions with the best of the aristocracy. He was fascinated by Lord Pembroke's delight in a fighting-cock, and by the rules of the Prize Ring, and doubtless he would have lived very happily in London, had he not been indiscreet enough to present a forged bill of exchange. The bill was none of his forging, so he is careful to tell you, but it was a hanging matter, and Casanova was forced to take refuge across the channel.

Thus he continued his life of adventure, until he was nearly sixty years of age, and then by great good fortune he met Count Waldstein in Paris. Waldstein charmed with his conversation, affected an interest in magic, and invited him to his house. "Come to Bohemia with me," said he; "I am leaving to-morrow," and for the next fifteen years, until his death, Casanova was librarian at Dux. Here his life was not happy. He was bullied (and even flogged) by an unsympathetic house-steward, and his vanity was always open to unintended affronts. When the affront seemed unbearable, he asked for an introduction to a crowned head or to a Berlin Jew, borrowed some money, and went off. But he always returned, followed by bills drawn upon his patron, and relieved the misery of an inactive life by writing comedies, or telling the thrice-told tale of his flight from Venice. That his woes were imagined rather than real is evident from the sympathetic description of the Prince de Ligne. "It must not be supposed," says the Prince,

that he was content to live quietly in the haven of refuge that the kindness of Waldstein had provided for him. It was not in his nature. Not a day passed without a storm; something was sure to be wrong with his coffee, his milk, his dish of macaroni, which he insisted on having served to him daily. There were constant quarrels in the house. The cook had spoiled his polenta, the coachman had given him a bad driver to bring him over to see me, the dogs had barked all night, there had been more guests than usual, and he had been obliged to eat at a side table. A hunting-horn tortured his ear with discordant sounds; the priest had been trying to convert him; Count Waldstein had not said good-morning to him first; the soup, out of malice, had been served to him either too hot or too cold; a servant had kept him waiting for his wine; he had not been introduced to some distinguished

person who had come to see the lance which pierced the side of the great Waldstein; the Count had lent somebody a book without telling him; a groom had not touched his hat to him; he had spoken in German and had not been understood; he had got angry and people had laughed at him.

Such were the small grievances which distressed the great man, who still remembered the exploits which had astonished half Europe. The truth is, his vast energy chafed against inaction, and his talent was not satisfied by the production of little plays for the amusement of his patrons. He was moreover hopelessly out of fashion. He was like Bassompierre when he came out of the Bastille. As he grew old a generation arose which understood neither his manners nor his costume. To them his grave stateliness appeared as ridiculous as his cloth-of-gold coat and paste buckles. To him the young were all Jacobins who forgot the respect due to rank and age. The intolerable dullness of his life was enlivened by the composition of his memoirs, which, read in manuscript by his friends, brought him fame even in his life-time. So he declined upon a premature old age, preserving until the end a love for Venice and a pride in his own career. "I have lived a philosopher and I die a Christian," were his last words, and they are evidently characteristic of the most abandoned Pagan of his generation.

Nemo sapit qui sibi non sapit; such was the motto which Casanova chose for his MEMOIRS, and he believed in his self-knowledge as confidently as in his candour. When he met the Marquis d'Argens at Aix, that famous gossip warned him not to write his autobiography. "In my intense desire to write the truth," said the Marquis, "I have made

myself ridiculous." The warning fell on deaf ears, and for seven years Casanova did his best to tell what he conceived to be the truth. He spared neither himself nor his friends. He castigated such vices as he detected in himself without mercy, and if these vices were few, it was because his moral code was easy and his own. From one end of his book to the other there is an air of frankness which is irresistible. He set veracity above reputation, and despite his arrogance he does not hesitate to recount the snubs and insults put upon him. When Kaunitz with superb disdain tells him to "go and sin no more but not in Vienna," he writes it down without shame or comment. When Voltaire repulsed his attempt at impertinence, he acknowledged his defeat, though he never forgot the affront. Few men, especially those who have known the glitter of high society, will cheerfully record that the policeman's hand is always on their shoulder. Yet Casanova remembers every *lettre de cachet*, every hasty order to cross a frontier, that ever he received. As has been said, his only reticence touches the cause of his frequent expulsions. His candour, then, we may accept without reserve. His self-knowledge is not quite so certain. No doubt he made a valiant attempt to understand his career and its motives; no doubt he was scrupulously veracious according to his lights. But he was not a realist, like Samuel Pepys, writing always with his eye on the object. He did not confide such secrets to his note-book as most men dare not whisper to themselves. He was, on the contrary, of a romantic turn, and he saw with perfect justice that his life contained the material of a dozen novels. Moreover, he wrote his book long

after he had mingled in the fray, and seen through the mist, which in his eyes always overhung Dux, the adventures of his youth perhaps appeared too brightly coloured. For, above all, his book is the book of an old man, looking back with pride upon the past, and seeing the old enchantments through the entrancing glass of time. Again and again he regrets his vanished prowess in small things or in great. Once, he confesses, he was passionately fond of ship-biscuit,—surely not a vicious taste; but in those days, "I had thirty sound teeth," he writes, "than which it would be difficult to find any whiter or finer. I have but two left now." That is a cry from the heart. Again, when he is describing the charms of M. M. and his own ascendancy over that beautiful nun: "Dear reader," says he, "be patient with me, who am to-day only the shadow of the gay, the fascinating, the dashing Casanova that was. I love to dwell on memories of myself." Thus, when we estimate his self-knowledge, we must take this love of old memories into account. In brief, if he did not describe himself always as he was, he loyally pictured his youth as it appeared to his age, and we can ask no more than this of any ancient chronicler.

Concerning the plan and purpose of his book he wrote with perfect candour. Dividing the world into two parties, "the one, and by far the greater, composed of ignorant and superficial men, and the other of deep thinkers," he addresses himself to the deep thinkers alone, and is confident that they will appreciate his veracity. Nor has he any doubt as to the moral value of his work. "If ever I am read," says he, "I shall not pervert any one's mind; to do so, at least, is far from being my object; but my experience, my vices, my virtues, my

principles, may be of use to some who know, like the bee, how to extract honey from all sorts of flowers." This judgment of the book is not unfair. No one, not already perverse, could be perverted by its gay and humorous romance, and for those who will read it in a spirit of justice, it presents such a picture of the time as it is difficult to find elsewhere.

Casanova has drawn his own character both incidentally and of set purpose; yet it is by no means easy to understand. Opposing qualities jostle one another in his temperament, and he cannot be dismissed as a mere blackguard. Adventurer and pedant, cynic and sentimentalist, he mixed his virtues and his vices with a careless liberality. The card-sharper is not a rare actor upon the stage of life, but when was there a card-sharper other than Casanova who bored his companions with quotations from the classics? Again, though Casanova is shameless in the confession of what are commonly known as vices, he was a true sentimentalist to whom things were always more than they seemed, and who was ever ready to shed a sympathetic tear over the misfortunes of others. To solve the puzzle is to answer the riddle of the eighteenth century. But short of that vast enterprise, the man's own portrait offers a partial solution. The hungry eye, the hawk-like nose, the savagely determined chin indicate the selfish necessity of acquisition and enjoyment. On the other hand, the high receding forehead bears witness at once to intellect and fatuity. To discuss his morals were an idle task, since morals shift with time and place, and since Casanova by confessing what he deemed his worst fault has clearly revealed his own code. When he was at Barcelona he was indiscreet enough to tell a ruffian, named Fature, all

that he knew concerning the antecedents of Manucci, a Venetian who had befriended him. He declared that Manucci had no right to the name he bore, that, in fact, he was masquerading under a false title. His motive was not infamous since, as he confesses, he betrayed his friend without malice and for the mere love of babbling; but Fature, after the manner of his kind, blackmailed Manucci, and it is not surprising that Casanova was too ashamed to ask forgiveness. Such, in his eyes, was the worst crime he ever committed. All his infidelities to women, all the deceits which he had practised upon the innocent, all the corrections which he had administered to fortune, are forgotten in this one supreme act of treachery. He bore Manucci no ill-will: the wrong he did him was merely the effect of carelessness; yet he bowed his head in dishonour, and thus bowing his head interpreted for all men his code of morals.

For the rest, he was a man of vast energy and tireless enterprise, to whom nothing came amiss, and though he bore patiently the affronts incident to his career, he was ready enough to draw the sword in defence of his honour. For such as offended him he had the famous lunge that never failed, and he thought that he won the spurs of knighthood by running a Polish general through the belly. But he was not one to kick against the pricks; he revered the majesty of the law; he praised the English because an English malefactor accepted arrest at the hands of a single soldier; and he obeyed without a murmur the mandate of superior force. Withal, he showed until the end his lack of breeding. Morals apart, he was never a gentleman, though he declared that he had learned to behave as one. Yet despite a certain coarseness of nature, he was as devoted to humane

letters as the best of his contemporaries. After a full pocket he best loved intelligence. "I hate fools so bitterly," he said, "that I feel myself degraded in a fool's company." The Prince de Ligne declared that it was only his comedies which were not comic, only his philosophical works in which there was no philosophy, and in truth philosophy tempered the whole comedy of his life. He was vain, yet his vanity was accessible to humour, and he claimed the title of Seingalt as his own because he was the author of it. He knew nothing of the finer shades, the subtler flavours of life. "I like highly-spiced dishes," he said, "macaroni made by a Neapolitan cook, the *olla podrida* of Spain, fine, white salt cod from Newfoundland, high game, and strong cheese." His morals and his temperament resembled his palate, and there are still those who think his MEMOIRS as highly spiced as the dishes which he loved.

Detractors have unjustly denied the authenticity of his book. Yet it

is proclaimed genuine on every page. Its very inaccuracies are an undesigned argument in its favour, since the forger makes it his first care to verify his dates. Again the evidence of the Prince de Ligne is clear and irrefragable. He read the MEMOIRS in the hero's own lifetime, and most wisely appreciated them. The letter which Casanova addressed to the Prince de Courland, and which he printed in his book, was preserved in the archives of the Bastille, as eloquent proof of the Venetian's veracity, and a hundred other arguments may be adduced in his favour. Indeed only those who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, and that no one else wrote anything, will doubt the authenticity of Casanova's MEMOIRS, which are the vivid presentment of a reckless adventurer, and which brilliantly illustrate their author's cynical and ingenious theory that the chain of events is always independent of conduct.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE PROVINCE OF POETRY.

POETRY appeals primarily to the uneducated. If *THE ODYSSEY* had been produced in an age that was cursed with a knowledge of printing, the adventures of Ulysses would certainly have been handed down to us in prose. For the accurate description of the authentic doings of that hero, poetry was the worst of all possible media. Conceive a history of the Boer War written by Mr. Alfred Austin in his most admirable style, and realise the impression it would give to New Zealanders even two thousand years hence! Mr. Austin's muse would unintentionally mislead the most analytical New Zealander (with German commentatorial blood in his veins) on a thousand and one points.

The siege of Ilium lasted somewhat longer than the war in South Africa, but Homer was forced to tell his history in verse. Had he told it in prose every line of it would have been forgotten centuries before Pisistratus undertook the editing of *THE ILIAD*. In doing this, Homer did a great deal of harm. His responsibility has been discounted up to a certain point. Some of his admirers have urged that he (or the Homer Syndicate) was blind. They have instanced the case of Milton as an argument in favour of Homer, but there is really nothing in the argument. Milton could just as easily have dictated *PARADISE LOST* in prose as in verse; but he knew perfectly well that there would have been no market for his theme in prose. *PARADISE LOST* is not, strictly speaking, history, whereas *THE ILIAD*,

more or less strictly, is; and every word of *THE ODYSSEY* was intended to be absolutely true. The cases therefore are not parallel, and the fact that Milton had trouble with his eyes is no excuse for him. Indeed the fact of his blindness undoubtedly improved his poetry. It has been well said that the test of poetry is the spoken word in its musical relations; the voice should be the medium, the ear the critic. Unless Homer's blindness (and even his existence) be a myth, he owed much of the majestic movement of his verse to this physical infirmity. He had to recite his poem in a medium that he could himself remember, and that his audience could remember, and transmit to their children's children, to Pisistratus, and to us.

Homer, therefore, is not to blame, but Virgil is. He was an educated man catering for an educated public, and he had a true story to tell; but instead of describing accurately, in the manner of Mr. Froude or of Mr. George Moore, how Æneas was carried off by Venus when he had been wounded by Diomedes, he gives us a version of the whole thing which is fantastically coloured, and probably entirely untrue. The actual date of Æneas's fatal encounter with the Rutulians is not mentioned, though the date should surely be as interesting as any date can ever be. And there are other blemishes in Virgil, which are indirectly Homer's fault, though the Latin poet in a measure realised his own share of responsibility. And I am inclined to think,

in spite of the overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that he really wrote his epitaph :

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere,
tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura,
duces.

Ashamed of his preposterous misuse of poetry, at the last he could only boast that he was a Mantuan, that he had been worth plundering by the Calabrians, that he had seen Naples and died there. Then comes the terrible confession : "I sang of pastures, fields, and heroes." He states his literary crimes in the order of their heinousness. Surely he could not forgive himself for writing a treatise on agriculture in poetry. Conceive a Bradshaw in blank verse ! Would any reader ever catch a train ? The moribund Virgil was horribly ashamed of *THE GEORGICS*. And it is doubtful whether even at this late moment any schoolboy can ever forgive him. FOR *THE ÆNEID* he had ample precedent in the misdeeds of the great Greek, and this error he therefore minimised. The Latin poet was not naturally a bad man, but ambition was his undoing.

Virgil (who was not blind and knew how to write) wanted to beat Homer in his own field. Whether or not he succeeded is still a subject on which the most scholarly among us are liable to debate, and which I do not feel called upon in this paper to decide. But this much is certain ; the ambition of Virgil established the use of poetry for the highest purpose, —the recording of fact.

Once recognised in that capacity, it is not surprising that verse has been misused for every available object, from the services of the Church and the cult of a mistress to the propagation of indecency and the sale of soap. The literature of the world

has been warped by verse. That the greatest plays should have been written in metrical form was, of course, inevitable ; for it has only been within comparatively recent years that any appreciable proportion of the theatrical profession has been drawn from the educated classes. The illiterate can readily commit poetry to memory, while their recollection of prose is, of course, inaccurate. But the educational system that prevails in our day has happily hounded poetry out of most of those domains on which it had encroached. Though the Nonconformist conscience is a power in the land, Martin Tupper is scarcely read in Northamptonshire, and for the maudlin maxims of Owen Meredith there is no demand at all. Even the best poetry, poetry employed in its most nearly legitimate and perfect form, is not read. It would seem that the average stockbroker is perhaps the most typical figure of an Englishman that the century is evolving. He is a person who, of necessity, takes interest in all things that happen on the earth. He is by nature an individual of keen perception, with his hand on the pulse of things as they are. Does the average stockbroker ever spend a quiet evening with Chaucer ? Never ! Is there among us now any man who follows a learned and remunerative profession (save that of letters, if they can rightly be included in the phrase) who ever spends a quiet evening with Chaucer ? These questions are, in truth, rhetorical and redundant. If a stockbroker were surprised by a client in the act of reading poetry the client would most probably close his account.

Barristers, again, must have a technical knowledge of all that is of interest to humanity. Until such time as the barrister drinks the waters of Lethe on becoming a judge

he is familiar with the frailties of life. The case of an equity lawyer is, of course, different. He aims at an Archimidean seclusion in his particular Court of Chancery. At the capture of Syracuse Archimedes, who was intent on a diagram that he had traced in the sand, did not realise that his country had been captured. When his throat was cut by a Roman soldier he probably regarded the matter as a clumsy solution of the problem of life. Were a Chancery barrister bludgeoned to death by an irate client he would certainly give no thought to the absurd procedure of a layman.

Who then reads poetry? Children read poetry, children, and people with the intellects of children, only.

Here is the proof. What is the best known poem in the English language? JACK AND JILL. When did we read the poem? Of late years? In middle life? On our honeymoon? No; as children it was that we read JACK AND JILL. Why is it that we know the poem so well? Do we like it? I think not. But I will write it down (from memory) and form an unbiassed opinion.

Jack and Jill
Went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

No, I do not like it. Though it is the only complete poem that has burnt itself into my memory, I do not really care for it. *Water* and *after* scarcely seem to be good rhymes. Of course the work has dramatic merit; there is a beginning, a climax, and a catastrophe; but regarding it as a study of character, the hero and heroine are dolts. The summit of the smallest hill is an unlikely place for the discovery of water. Still, one

sees the ascendancy of the male mind over the woman. It was Jack's idea to go up the incline in search of the water, and Jill (with a view no doubt to the pleasure of his society,) humoured Jack in his quest. But here comes the great flaw in the poem. Some catastrophe occurs, resulting in disaster to Jack. What is the catastrophe which causes him to fall down? We are not told; our author is as vague as Virgil. However, after the fall of Jack, Jill pursued a similar course. Personally, I do not see why Jill should have fallen down merely because Jack did. A prudent Jill (and we know nothing against this lady) would, one would think, have taken example by the disaster of her friend and walked delicately. However, it is a case of feminine devotion and respect. The man sought water on a hill-top; the devoted lady followed; evil overtook him, and she shared it. Jill, a modest, retiring maid, did not tumble first when the moment for tumbling arrived; she came tumbling after. This is all that I can see in the poem. Frankly I do not like it. I regret that I have learnt it; I shall not let my children learn it; the thing is stupid and, I say again, vaguer than Virgil, and I do not see how it can do any good. And yet it is the best known poem in the English language.

That poetry should be used as a medium for the expression of love is entirely in accord with my thesis. Its use for this purpose is, indeed, an argument in favour of my case. Persons who are very much in love call one another by names taken from the animal kingdom or borrowed from bird life. *Kitten* is a popular term of endearment; men have been known to address women of their heart as *pigeons* and as *doves*. In a condition of mind that even in our day permits such extraordinary

nomenclature, it is not surprising to find that in the Middle Ages lovers less erudite than those of our time expressed their sentiments in metrical form.

Even as late as 1570 a poet under the name of Menaphon produced this poem for the use of contemporary lovers.

Through the shrubs, as I did crack
For my lamb's little ones,
'Mongst many pretty ones,
Nymphs, I mean, whose hair was
black

As the crow;
Like the snow
Her face and brows shined, I ween.
I saw a little one,
A bonny pretty one,
As bright, buxom, and as sheen
As was she
On my knee.

Such merry little ones!
Such fair-faced pretty ones!
As dally in love's chieftest Harms.

Such was mine,
And those grey eyne
Made me love. I 'gan to woo
This sweet little one
This soft pretty one.

I woo'd hard a day or two
Till she bad,
"Be not sad!

Woo no more! I am thine own,
Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one."
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Tender loves.

Nothing surely could be more child-like, more tender than this.

Here, again, is a quotation from another innocent and babyish poem written in 1790. It is called NEVER TOO LATE and its author is not known. The little French lines, which come as a refrain must have been singularly effective.

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,
(*N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*)
Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires

(*Je vous en pris, pity me,
N'oserez vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez vous, mon bel ami ?*)

It delighted the women of that period, and it is a good example of the naive childishness of real poetry, and of my theory that it is essentially an infantine art. It is a historic fact that all literature is in its origin poetic. The very laws of early peoples are found in metrical forms, and all history is in its beginning more or less legendary song. Poetry indeed lies at the very root of early literature. The first kind was the pastoral or idyllic poetry. This related simply to the scenery, sentiment, and incidents of shepherd life, and as pastoral employment was the very earliest form of human labour, the pastoral is probably the initial form of organised poetry. There were first the IDYLLS of Theocritus, imitated later by Virgil in his BUCOLICS, though by his time increasing artificiality had rendered the pastoral further removed from nature, and more suggestive of Dresden-china shepherds and shepherdesses than of horny-handed husbandry. Then there was lyric poetry, which, as its name suggests, was first sung, literally, to the accompaniment of the lyre. But how different were the early poems such as those that I have quoted with their babyish lisps, from the decadent erudite affectation of the modern minor poet! He usually chooses metrical exotic forms, such as ballades, villanelles, and triolets. But where a woman or girl of the sixteenth century could not resist such verse as Menaphon's the contemporary lady will have none of contemporary poetry. Education has killed it. Women who are wooed in poetry tactfully compel the lover to break off the engagement, and then sue him for breach of pro-

mise of marriage. Of course, if the plaintiff's counsel can quote a single line of poetry directed at his client by the defendant he recovers thumping damages in Red Lion Square.

Even for songs the use of poetry has for some time been abandoned, and words, any sort of words, have been employed instead. The lyric of all others that has affected most sentimentally the great heart of the nation was a simple anecdote called AFTER THE BALL. What occurred was this. A gentleman at a dance received a request from his betrothed, worded thus: *I wish some water; leave me alone.* The gentleman hastened to comply with her desire, and on his return,

There stood a man
Kissing my sweetheart as lovers can.
Down fell the glass, pet,
Broken, that's all,
Just as my heart was
After the ball.

The engagement, of course, came to an end at once, and eventually the lady, who had never been allowed to make any explanation of the episode in the ballroom, died. The strange man who had behaved so strangely at the dance maintained silence through long years. The unfortunate lover was true to the memory of the defunct and lived a bachelor to a ripe and uneventful old age.

One day a letter
Came from that man;
He was her brother,
The letter ran.

There does not seem to be any doubt as to the veracity of the statement. No sane man would after the lapse of many years suddenly write to a complete stranger explaining that he had ever been in the habit of kissing his own family in public ballrooms unless he was telling the absolute truth.

No. 520.—VOL. LXXXVII.

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK was perhaps more strikingly successful than any musical piece produced in London within the last ten years. The play opens with this statement:

When a man is twenty-one
Let him drink hot rum.

As a precept I am convinced that it is fallacious; as a prescription, medical men assure me that it has not the slightest value; as poetry I refrain from judging it. But after producing this strikingly original couplet the author seems to have found that his poetical vein was exhausted.

With patriotic songs any suggestion of poetry is held to be fatal to success. For instance

Oh, listen to the band!
How merrily they play!
"Oh, don't you think it grand?"
Hear ev'rybody say.

The astounding thing is that anybody sang it; and yet everybody did.

But the climax of futility was reached in THE SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN. Apparently a mass-meeting of Britons had been called together with a view to "loyally declaim about the way we ruled the waves." The world at large seems not unnaturally to have heard of this strange gathering and to have

Wondered why we sang,
And some have learnt the reason why;
But we're forgetting it, and we're
letting it
Fade away and gradually die.

Apparently, however, some instructor or inspector in lunacy addressed the meeting and explained why it was that "England is Master." The reason is briefly this:

"It's the soldiers of the Queen, my
lads,"

U

said he to the pupils or patients,

"Who've been, my lads—who're seen,
my lads"—

Been what? Seen where? The speaker then went on to state that when any question arose in ordinary conversation as to why we've always won, or, this debatable proposition being admitted as to the receipt for the same, the proper but highly inconvenient course was to

Proudly point to every one
Of England's soldiers of the Queen.

Had not Mr. Leslie Stuart, who composed an intensely spirited tune to these words realised the public distaste for poetry, he would surely have suppressed the fact that his admirable music had inspired in him such peculiar literature.

Mr. Lionel Monckton, another of our most popular composers, shares the indisputable view of Mr. Stuart. Though Mr. Monckton has at his command the services of Mr. Adrian Ross, who writes the most delightful lyrics, he does not trouble to employ them. And how right he is! The rhymes of Mr. Ross hamper the composer and irritate the public. Mr. Monckton, therefore, dashes off something which gives more scope to his musical genius, but to which, of course, Mr. Ross could never have put his name.

Maisie is a daisy,
Maisie is a dear,
Some girls are so uncertain
When they do a bit of flirting,
But Maisie gets right there.

That is exactly the sort of thing that Mr. Monckton wanted; and the public wanted it too. There were many charming songs in the *MESSENGER BOY* written by Mr. Ross and composed by Mr. Monckton, but the

Maisie muddle was the success of the play. As a psychologic study of a certain type of non-existent woman it appealed directly to the public imagination.

Besides Mr. Ross we have with us Captain Basil Hood and Mr. Mostyn Turtle Piggott who write humorous verses, not considerably inferior to those of Calverly and Gilbert; but they plough lonely furrows, and few indeed are the elect who applaud the grace of the ploughing. The lyric poet of to-day seeks to supply a want which is not felt. Even after a good dinner good verse set to good music is antipathetic to the playgoer.

It is clear, therefore, that an educated and utilitarian public has no use for poetry in any of its various forms. The highest form of pictorial art is found in the picture that is not primarily a thing of beauty, but that has some conspicuous tendency to elevate the tone of the nation, or to instruct it as to the manners and customs of some bygone age. In a word, a picture should tend to lower the School Board rate. The presentation of a lad carrying a younger brother through a field of corn inculcates fraternal affection; it is therefore, no matter the faultiness of its chiaroscuro, a good picture. A panorama of a Middle Victorian Derby Day teaches the dullest of us the folly of gambling, and gives us some idea of costume forty years ago, which is useful.

Poetry, it may be held, can accomplish these admirable purposes as efficaciously as painting. It is possible, but at what an expenditure of time and intelligence! Ours is a crowded life, and he who would instruct us must employ a readily intelligible system of shorthand, which at once puts the poet out of court as an instructor.

To attribute the distaste for poetry

to the inferiority of our poets is absurd. To allege that we have no great singer with us to-day is not a plausible proposition. The poet, we know, is born, and not made. Therefore it is obvious that with the increase of population our gross output of great poets is larger than ever it was. If the sparsely populated England of Elizabeth could produce one Shakespeare, by arithmetical progression it is clear that there are (at a low estimate) forty-three Shakespeares in the British Isles at the present moment. Why do they not write? The reason is obvious. No one wants them to write, and their parents very properly object to their writing. Even poets of established reputations forbid their children to follow in their footsteps. They know that there is nothing in the business. Every successful lawyer's son follows his father's profession; every eminent physician who is a father of a boy desires to be the father of a medical man; there are few sons of actors who have not, even after dabbling in other callings, drifted on to the stage. But is there a single example of an hereditary poet? I at least do not know one.

With the ordinary great poet who has no drop of paternal poetry in his veins the case is similar. When the poetical symptoms begin to develop, the practical parent inoculates the boy with common-sense. He points out the considerable fortunes that are amassed by the manufacturers of patent food-stuffs as a contrast to the pittance paid for brain-products. The great poet (in *posse*) having by reason of his greatness some power of receptivity achieves greatness in a remunerative and utilitarian walk of life. He starts as a commercial traveller, and ends in Grosvenor Square. But no power on earth, paternal or other, will ever stop a

really bad poet from writing. For the minor poet has not in his constitution the element of common-sense that exists in the truly great poet who achieves greatness by means of not writing poetry coupled with indefatigable commercial travelling. Thus he does not appreciate that he is attempting to supply a market that in the twentieth century is permanently closed. He does not grasp the fact that those who in a precarious and stealthy way still practise the profession of poetry are compelled to do so in disguise. Even so lately as ten years ago the poet wore a uniform which stamped him for what he was in the eyes of the least analytical. His hair was long and he wore a hat suggestive of a feeling for brigandage; his general appearance, in fact, was that of a pirate in a small way of business. But the public knew that piracy was extinct and poetry was only moribund, so he was given the benefit (if that be the word) of the doubt and he was recognised as a poet. To-day the poor fellow is compelled to dress himself as the common herd. If he wear hair at all he wears it short. There is indeed one writer of exquisite lyrics who looks like an absolutely dishonest company promoter; in fact he pretends not to be a poet.

So it is that the many men who have in them all the constituents of great poetical genius seek more profitable fields than the slopes of Parnassus. Their imaginative powers find expression rather in the prospectus than in the poem. They are essentially men of the time, and they serve it, figuratively always, actually in some cases, that are all too few. Here is an instance. I have among my acquaintance one of the most prominent dog-biscuit manufacturers of our day. His name is a household bark in every kennel. Also he is in-

disputably the greatest American poet since, since—Longfellow. Neither I nor any one else has ever read a line of his poetry. And why? To me he has confided the secret of his life. For me he has opened, for the space of an inch, the cupboard of his soul, and he has told me that it contains a skeleton,—an epic poem.

"When I was a bright young mind," said he, "I had the pome trouble,—suspected I was a pote. All the symptoms pointed that way. I didn't tell about it to my Popper, who was a hard man; I just wrote the pome. When I'd written the pome, there was no doubt about the matter. I *was* a pote—a great pote! For three months I was off my head, after writing that pome. If I'd been any other class of pote, the class of pote that publishes his symptoms at his own expense, I shouldn't have been hit so hard. Every man has

his own special vice, such as poker or potry; it don't matter no shakes which it is. But the trouble with me was that I was *great*. See! GREAT! If I'd published that pome I should have ruined my business. That's how it is with me."

And that's how it is with all our great poets.

The only possible use for poetry in this utilitarian age is the production of poems that give us practical assistance in commercial or social life, such as

Thirty days have September.

It is probable that in another ten years some Member of Parliament will introduce a short Bill making the production of any other sort of poem a criminal offence; and it is not impossible that the Member of Parliament will be a publisher.

FRANK RICHARDSON.

DOMINIQUE.

I.

WHITE horses were riding the bay. The crimson sun fell athwart a frenzied sea, and high in the limestone crags the squall was moaning still. From beyond the land-locked water, from where the cliffs fell away to the dark forest and the glowing white sand, steady through the roar of the breakers sounded a bell. But a shriller cry came from the bay, "Help, help!" the angry scream of a man in peril. There was something dark tossing in the foam. A white face looked landward through the sunlight to the bare scrap of beach and the towering rocks.

"Help!" the man cried shrilly, raising himself on the keel. The woman he clasped to him was silent. For answer he heard the breakers and the dying wind.

Then round the bluff grey headland, beating up from the south, came a dark sail. The sail shivered and fell over, and sheer into the eye of that blazing crimson sun came a long, low, white boat.

"Help, help!" cried the man in despair to the helpless land. A gay shout came over the waves: "It is here, my friends." Then as the man turned wildly round, slipping and clutching the keel: "Eh, gently," cried the voice from the boat. It was a tall figure in white that held the tiller, the only man on board. In a moment he had run craftily alongside. "I am charmed to meet my compatriots," said he, as he helped them to their feet, and he bowed to the dripping pair. But the two were

looking at each other and their saviour glanced backward idly, smiling.

"Ah, thank the good God, Jean!" the girl murmured, but Jean pressed her hand and whispered, "Art hurt, Marie?"

"No, ah no! But, sir—" the stranger turned—"how to thank you? Surely, it was the good God that sent you!"

The stranger smiled. "The good God? *Quien sabe?* Perhaps, mademoiselle. He would surely provide for your safety. But thanks are His due, then, not mine. Eh—a trifle!" He turned to Jean. "May I run in here, my friend? Holy Florida is apt to throw reefs in the sinner's way."

"It is a good beach, sir," said Jean, and then he added awkwardly, "Sir—if—if—I do not speak thanks—"

"I shall like you the better, friend," said the stranger clapping Jean on the shoulder. "So? With the bow on that rock? Yes, and my name is Dominique, friend, and no sir at all." The sail fell rattling down; Dominique sprang over into the surf and ran his boat high and dry on the glittering beach. "Dominique, *mademoiselle*, Dominique, *le Rôdeur*," and he laughed, and handed her to the land.

"Ah, Jean!" she cried with a little clutch at his arm as she felt the dry sand grind under her feet again. Jean quoted something out of the Psalms.

"*Dame!*" said Dominique, and began to drag his boat back again to the sea. But soon Jean's hand held him

back. "Nay, sir, surely you will come with us! 'Twill be night soon." Dominique smiled and shook his head. "How? You will not make us ungrateful to you?" He looked up. "You who came as an angel of God?"

"*Tête dieu!* friend, is God so careful of you?" cried Dominique.

"God has been very good to me, sir," said Jean.

"Who knows?" Dominique muttered. "Give chance thanks, friend, holy chance——" then he happened to see Marie's face and broke off. For a while only the waves spoke.

"Is it—so strange—I thank God, sir?" said Jean slowly. "You will come with us to Fort Caroline?"

"And be very welcome!" said Dominique with a dry smile.

"Most welcome," said Jean.

It was the man and the girl who led the way, slowly, hand in hand in the sunlight. Up a rough track winding about the cliffs they went, Dominique's long shadow falling, most often, about them. A little fair-haired blue-eyed girl, a short squat figure of a man,—so they went on before him, and Dominique, tall and lithe, with two men's strength in his heavy shoulders and something more than one man's wit kindling in his dark eye, found his lip curling in a sneer, as he heard the man pant at the girl's drag on his arm. Soon they stood on the summit, where Jean paused a moment for breath; in that moment the sunlight fell on Marie's face when she looked at him. Dominique saw it. As they plunged down the hill side and into the dark forest: "Eh, and they say the saints are virgin," said he, and he shrugged his shoulders at the drooping mimosa.

It was the narrowest of pathways hewn straight through the black forest. Here and there on either side lay a great tree fallen and still green; but most of the victims had

been dragged away and their trails lay scored deep in the ground. A patch of light guided them, growing larger the nearer they came. It was a clearing with one great wooden blockhouse and a score of huts clustering about it to which Jean and Marie brought Dominique. He tapped Jean on the shoulder. "So that is your Fort Caroline, friend?"

"Yes, sir," said Jean; "most certainly."

"Eh, and why fort?" said Dominique. A broad and a level-beaten path led straight down to the cliffless beach. "Cannon? But no! Loop-holes? A two or three! Why fort, friend?" asked Dominique.

"For safety from the heathen, sir," answered Jean, missing the point.

"The heathen?" said Dominique, and looked at him. "Oh, ay," and he laughed. "But for—eh, an inquisitor by the face of him!"

Meagre and bowed, with black beard and cavernous eyes, one in authority came towards them. "Jean Bellegarde, Marie Valence, why did you fail our evening prayers?" Dominique stood with his hand on his hip smiling.

"A squall caught us, Charles Ribault; the boat was swamped and we, clinging to her, were saved by Monsieur here,—Monsieur Dominique."

Ribault turned his cold eyes on Dominique, who bowed and smiled. Ribault frowned. "And who is Monsieur Dominique?" said he, and looked to Jean for the answer.

"*Quien sabe?*" said Dominique. "At least, I know not, so how should he, Maître Ribault?"

Ribault turned and glared at him. "Spanish?" he cried, as his thin hand caught Dominique's shoulder. "Whence do you come? Who sent you? Why?"

Dominique shrugged his shoulders carelessly. He pointed to the dark

forest behind. "Out of that," he said; and he turned and pointed to the black glades before him: "Into that," he added.

"Bah! You come from Fort St. Augustine," cried Ribault.

"Ay, and from Santiago de Cuba, from Cadiz and Genoa and Bordeaux, ay and little St. Malo; from the old fat cities and the clean little home-town—and why? Who knows!"

Ribault clutched his shoulder; the thin face came close to Dominique's; the cold eyes flashed in the shadow. "You are a spy," he hissed.

Dominique's cheek darkened, as he flung Ribault staggering away. Then he laughed. "Spy? *Dame!* It needs no spy to tell the nakedness of this land," and he waved scornfully to the defenceless fort. "Eh, Jean, what did I tell you? Am I so welcome? Ha, friend Ribault, I came because they wanted me. You do not. Well, I go."

"But you saved us!" cried the girl, and Jean broke out in anxious remonstrance. Ribault waved him aside. "But how came you here, sir?" he said.

Dominique paused awhile before he answered, his dark eyes growing dull. "It is what you will not understand," he said at last. "I want to see what I have not seen, to hear what I have not heard,—that is all." A strange sound came from the forest. "There—they make that, my friends of the copper skin. I want to know how—I want to know why. You do not. Ha—you are Maitre Ribault, a godly man. I—I am Dominique le Rôdeur—and moreover, my friends, the sun is ready to fall and you are wet. Are there dry clothes in this great fort?"

Ribault waved them away, and Dominique and he stood alone the centre of a circle that dared not close, for Ribault ruled alone. Strong man, sure of himself as he was, he was

puzzled. "Are you a Papist?" he asked.

Dominique spread out his hands. "God knows, Maitre Ribault," said he.

"It were wiser not to jest," said Ribault through his teeth.

Dominique laughed. "It is heresy, eh friend? *Dame*, then have the truth; I came here, to this Huguenot air, and at once my heart warms to the mass. But while I was in St. Augustine and smelt the incense reek, why I yearned for Clement Marot's dull psalms,—yearned Maitre Ribault, you understand?" and he laughed again.

"Here is no room for those who halt between two opinions,—Laodiceans, neither cold nor hot—who minish the majesty of God—"

"Oh, la, la, la," cried Dominique. "Recall, Maitre Ribault,—I came invited; well, I am repulsed,—I go."

Ribault caught his arm. "Ay, and whither? Back to St. Augustine, I doubt."

The sun had passed to the verge of the black forest. Suddenly it fell behind the gloom and darkness covered them. Out of the forest rose the strange shrill sound.

"Hear my friends of the copper skin; they call me on. There is always an unknown, Maitre Ribault, always an unknown,—and thank the good God!"

He slipped from Ribault's grasp and was gone in a moment. When the Huguenots ran hither and thither in the darkness seeking him they heard a light laugh from the forest.

"From this night we will set guards," said Maitre Ribault.

In the morning they saw a dark sail in the sunlight.

II.

The wanderer talked to himself aloud as his boat beat southward against the wind. His beard was

inches longer, his dark skin burnt to the hue of his forest friends.

"And why wilt go south, friend Dominique," he said, "*Dame!* why but because the wind is southerly. Ay, it was ever so, Dominique—since thou didst go out from the farm at Clarens because it was fair and all thine own," and he laughed as he put the tiller over. "Ah, Dominique, infidel! Never the way that the good God shows; never, saith fool Dominique!"

A bright blue sky and a flashing rippling blue sea lay before him. Starboard was the low grey coast, and behind it higher and darker the forest. The sun lay couching on the tree-tops. Suddenly the shore began to rise; higher and higher still it grew, shooting out further into the sea, till the shadow of the coquina cliffs lay long and dark over the water. Dominique looking landward smiled again: "Ay, it was here or here by," he muttered, and stood out to sea once more. Even as he went about a strange sound came from the land, —a wild bell-peal that ended suddenly as it began. Dominique lay to for a while and listened. He heard no more. "*Quien sabe?*" he said aloud to the waves and the sunlight, and he put the helm over and ran into the little land-locked bay where he had landed with Jean a hundred days before.

An Indian bow on his back, arrows tipped with Spanish iron at his side, he swung along through the forest with long silent strides. A sound fell on his ear. "Eh, that is not Marot's psalms," he said, this time silently; and then two yards from the forest end he stopped suddenly. His face grew dark; he clutched at his bow; vein and muscle swelled in his neck; his great chest rose and fell quickly; his nostrils dilated. He laid an arrow on the string and looked along it; but

he did not draw the bow. Half-formed, strange words fell from his lips: "*Dieu! le bon Dieu!*" The disciple of holy chance came out into the sunlight.

The air was full of crying and trampling feet. A double rank of armed men surrounded the Huguenot remnant, herding them on to the trees, where already, dark and ghastly in the sunlight, hung a score of men. High above all shone the golden banner of the Cross. Standing alone in the pitiless light, Dominique slipped his arrow back to the quiver and watched for a moment unheeded. While he watched, while his restless eyes took in the whole scene, slowly he began to smile.

From the helpless Huguenot throng rose a wild shriek shrill above all the rest: "*Espion! assassin! assassin!* (Spy! Murderer!)" Under the steady smile a muscle twitched in Dominique's dark face. It was for this that holy chance, the good God, a head wind, had brought him twice to Fort Caroline,—that a man whose life he had saved should call him spy, and believe it. Dominique saw Jean's white face; he saw the bloody hand pointing at him; he saw then, and for many a year perhaps, the foaming lips and the mad anger of despair as Jean spat towards him. Dominique, too, was a Frenchman; he remembered it then, being quite helpless.

"*Assassin! assassin!*" Jean shrieked, and the pikes pushed him backward. In the midst, the golden banner of the Cross stood witness to the work done in its name. Still Dominique smiled,—at himself,—at God.

But now he was seen by others. A Dominican friar came hurrying up, calling to the pikemen. "Heretic! infidel!" he cried in Spanish.

Dominique turned. "Holy Virgin," he said, "not I, good father!" His smile was steady, unchanged, frozen

on his lips. "A poor sinner of the true faith, who begs for blessing on this holy work." And he crossed himself. The Dominican paused a moment, breathless and puzzled, as Dominique knelt to him.

There came a new actor on the scene, a black-plumed officer, short and swarthy. "Why—the saints!" said he, "'tis Dominique! Our Domenichino, Father Mateo! Here is no snivelling Lutheran—pah! hear them howl. To my arms, my Domenichino! What! Dost not know me, Dominique, me, old Antonio of Ravenna?" and he touched his breast. Dominique was looking at the massacre. "Mother of angels! I knew Dominique could not die," and he caught Dominique's hands. Dominique was smiling. "What! where hast been the long months since thy cock-boat sailed from Fort St. Augustine?"

"In consort with heretics," growled Father Mateo.

"Not our Domenichino! He loves to see them kick and squeal as I. What, man?" He stopped suddenly frowning as Dominique made no answer. His grip clenched on Dominique's hands. "Eh, hast been living with these swine?" he growled.

Dominique looked from the dying to Antonio, and his eyes were dull and passionless. "*Dame!* not I, friend. I came here wrecked and they cast me out. By the saints they would have hanged me, but for the good legs God gave—and the Virgin. 'Tis a hard life hiding in the forests dreaming all night of Lutheran tortures, Antonio. The Virgin bless the hour you came!"

And all the while the screams of the Huguenots and Spanish oaths and laughter sounded about them, and all but drowned his voice. The screams grew less and the laughter louder. Antonio laughed too. "God's body!

'Tis our old Domenichino—shalt fear no more heretic's tortures. Come and see them wriggle, Dominique!" He caught the man's arm and hurried him towards the groaning trees. The work was almost done now; the murdered Huguenots hung dark from many a bough, but only swaying gently. The Spaniards leant on their pikes and laughed. One or two of the last of the French hissed Jean's cry at Dominique, "*Espion! assassin!*" and Dominique only smiled, and nodded. The good God had given them the right to call him so. The sun was low in the sky. He heard the Dominican chanting a psalm. "*Veniat mors super illos et descendant in infernum viceñtes* (Let death come upon them, let them go down alive to hell!)"

"Eh, God is good!" said Dominique, shrugging his shoulders slightly.

"Good? Aye! Madonna, the swine scarce raised a hand. A pair of muskets among all—a glorious day! Some half-a dozen of trash like this," and he touched Dominique's bow. "Puff! a flick against a cuirass,—what use in arrows? Then the rope for all! There were but fifty, and by the saints I think we shall see no more in holy Florida!"

The sun grew red and seemed to waver above the forest.

"All?" said Dominique carelessly.

"What, women, eh, thou rogue?"

"Madonna! There was but one worth keeping—and—why you know our good captain Julian de Menendez? Well! There goes the last pig!"

But the last Frenchman tried to break from the butchers who held him as a woman's scream rang out to the dying sun. Dominique moved two paces away from Antonio. A girl came running from the block-house, her yellow hair flowing, her dress torn. It was Marie.

Antonio put his hand to his side

and roared with laughter. A man was hard upon her and the girl ran wildly this way and that, shrieking. The sunlight was red on her face. Suddenly an arrow whistled; and as men heard it they saw Dominique dashing hot-foot to the forest, and saw Antonio's dagger hurtle over his head as he stooped. He sprang into the wall of gloom. Julian de Menendez in his haste stumbled and fell upon his prey. The arrow was safe in her heart.

In a moment the night came. The stars shone out in the clear sky to see the trees loaded with murdered men and women, and beneath them a writing that said: "*Non por Franceses sino par Luteranos* (not as Frenchmen but as heretics)." The golden banner of the Cross hung shameless in the midst. The due *Te Deum* had been sung to the God of the church, and drinking songs now came loud from the captured fort. Far away in the forest gloom sounded faintly the unholy din of Indian rites. And the stars saw Marie Valence lying in her blood with the terror gone from her eyes; they saw Dominique sailing north before the wind while he gnawed his lip and his hand twitched on the tiller. What he muttered now was oaths.

III.

A bat screamed in the darkness, swooping over the Spanish guns. In the forest a wounded beast was moaning, and the boughs whispered and spoke. Within the blockhouse,—known as Fort San Mateo and mounted with cannon now—the Spaniards were drinking. Here and there down the long table stood a candle, here and there on the walls was a smoky torch, availing little against the darkness.

"Curse them, how the candles

flicker," said Menendez; "snuff it Pedro." Pedro's hand slipped as he leant on the greasy table. The candle fell over in spilt wine and went out. He tried to light it again from a torch; the wick sputtered, burnt yellow a moment, then flared with sparks of blue flame. Pedro put it down quickly and stared at it.

"The Virgin aid us! Ghost lights!" he stammered, staring still at the flame. The blue light fell on his face. His fellows laughed.

"Old devil of a Pedro! Thou hast it," cried Antonio. Pedro crossed himself. Menendez put down his wine and swore.

"Piff! How the wind howls," said Miguel the gunner. The wind was roaring about the blockhouse and whistling through the holes in the wooden walls. An owl shrieked. Father Mateo crossed himself. "'Tis the demons the heathen worship," he said. The candle went out again in a gust of wind. "Devil take the wind, and devil take the wine!" cried Menendez. "It is sour as a heretic's soul."

"Eh, Captain, we should have sent to St. Augustine for—"

"I would to heaven I were back at St. Augustine! Fiends of the pit, how long are we to wait to catch their cursed heretic ship? In God's name, Father Mateo, I would you had come alone on your holy errand!" Menendez looked round, his thin face pale in the yellow light. "Holy cross? Holy hell! Pah—the ground reeks of dead men."

"Since the women are dead also," muttered Antonio. "How long, father, are we to wait for these new comers you prate of?"

An owl shrieked again. Father Mateo's thin lips parted and his yellow teeth gleamed. "They will come, my son, they will come in God's time—to a worthy welcome—"

a worthy welcome." He tasted the words with delight.

Menendez muttered an oath, and fell to his wine again, drinking steadily without delight in dull thoughtless persistence. There was little talking. The men eyed each other furtively with weary disgust each for each. The candles flickered and flared and Father Mateo drew away to a corner and begun to tell his beads. Again an owl shrieked.

"Piff! How the wind howls!" said Miguel the gunner. Then suddenly a shrill cry waves on the wind and fell,—fell to rise again. While the echoes slowly died came another, and then a third, all rising to a thin scream of triumph at the last.

"The ghost-lights! The ghost-lights!" muttered Pedro to himself, and he looked round to see other men's cheeks grow pale.

"*Vade retro me, Satana,*" muttered Father Mateo.

Amid the howling wind they seemed to hear another sound, the rustle of leaves, the roll of waves on the sand. Julian de Menendez looking round the sallow faces, laughed aloud.

"What, Tonio, why old Antonio, where has your heart gone?" The owl shrieked twice. "Take a cup of wine then and thank the friend—ah—Mother of God!" He fell back in his chair groaning with an arrow in his breast and the wine that he offered was spilt. He lay writhing and coughing blood. They sprang up, Antonio first, shouting oaths and prayers. In the doorway, drawing a bow to its full stretch stood Dominique, the wanderer, the spy. He shot at Father Mateo and the Spaniards stumbled to their arms. Behind Dominique came a great shout, "*Tuez! Tuez!*" and the Frenchmen charged on to vengeance. An Indian war-whoop sounded shrilly; axes hammered on the shuttered windows and

broke them, and the men of the forest came streaming in, yelling and thirsty for blood.

And that is how the second French ship found its welcome at St. John's Bluff in Holy Florida.

It was a night of massacre in the block house; a hopeless fight for the Spaniards, but a fight none the less and no murder. The lust of vengeance and the lust of blood had their fill; before the dawn the last Spaniard had met his fate fighting, and the Indians were dancing bloodstained in the torchlight among the dead. Dominique leant against the wall watching moodily. There came to him Pierre le Bosquet, the captain of the French. "God be thanked for this victory, friend," said he.

"Eh—the good God—" said Dominique slowly, and then he cried something in the Indian tongue to the chief and was answered. In a moment the dance was stopped. Chattering and laughing the Indians began to drag out the dead to the clearing where through the mist the dawn was breaking.

"But what is this, friend, what would you?" said Pierre le Bosquet.

"Hang them," said Dominique.

Pierre shuddered. "Let us not war with the dead," said he.

Dominique turned and Pierre saw the fire in his eyes. "Ha—and you are French—you are Huguenot even!" cried Dominique. "Ah, but you were not here—I—I saw! Saw? Thunders of God! . . ." and he went on in a low quiet voice. "I heard—heard them call me spy, assassin—spy—bah!" he flung a fierce cry at the Indians. "I heard that, you understand, my friend!" he shrugged his shoulders. "And so they hang," he said and he turned away. Pierre shivered.

The French watched him with something of horror in the fiercest

eyes. Here and there he paused among the savages, joking, helping to fix the ropes, pointing out a strong bough. "But he is no better than a hangman—a hangman," they muttered, while Pierre le Bosquet in charity shrugged his shoulders.

"There was perhaps a dear friend—we, we also had friends—"

"We also—"

When the sun came out the Spaniards were hanging from the trees and below them the Indians made their meal. Dominique bore from the blockhouse a tablet of pine wood on which this inscription had been rudely branded with a hot iron: "Not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, robbers and murderers (*Je ne faisais cecy comme à Espagnolz, n'y comme à Marannes; mais comme à traistres, volleurs, et meurtriers*)."¹

On the biggest tree he fixed the tablet. From another he took another tablet, faded, withered and torn, and flung it on the Indian fire. Justice was done; he stood and looked.

At last Pierre le Bosquet came to him. "Will you not eat, friend?"

"I have eaten," said Dominique. He drew in his breath. "Maitre

Pierre, if you are wise you will go back to France. La Rochelle is stronger than Fort Caroline,—though Menendez is dead" he muttered, "though Julian is dead."

Pierre sighed. "God wills not that his people should find rest in Florida," said he. He pointed to a heap of white bones glaring under the trees and struggled with his voice: "When—when we have buried—our friends—" Dominique nodded. "Ah, and we hoped to find them happy and free!" he cried.

Dominique laughed. "*Dame!* who is free in the world?" he said.

Pierre laid a hand on his arm. "And you—who have suffered so much—you will stay with us, friend?"

Dominique shook his head. "No. I go—I go always on."

"With these?" said Pierre with a shudder, pointing to the Indians gorged and falling asleep. Dominique shrugged his shoulders. "Then whither?"

"God knows!" said Dominique. "The good God!" and he laughed.

Under the noonday sun, a dark sail beat past the bluff cliffs northward. In the stern sat Dominique, talking to himself as he sailed on to the unknown.

H. C. BAILEY.

¹ *Marannes* was a common French word of reproach for Spaniards; it seems originally to have signified a Moor. See Parkman's *PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD*.

OUR UNHAPPY LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of "*Macmillan's Magazine*."

SIR,

A few months ago you made a gallant effort to rouse the English-speaking race to a sense of its responsibilities, and to point out the signs, even then only too clear, of a coming invasion of our language by alien sounds,—or rather sights, for it was against the written word that you made your protest. I am now moved to seek the hospitality of your columns, because I feel that it is the duty of every Englishman, however insignificant, to assist in the protection of our unhappy language, to the best of his power; and, believe me, it is no light matter that moves me to address you.

Well, Sir, do I remember those noble words, not indeed your own, but which, like Shakespeare, Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gosse, and other great men, you so used as to make them your own: "The floodgates of anarchy and revolution are marching along hand in hand to the desolation of our hearth and home." This can be said no longer. The forced march is over; the floodgates are in our midst; securely entrenched they sit down before the chiefest jewel of our crown, the brain of our empire, the key of our civilisation. *Printing House Square is beleaguered!*

Before explaining these awful sentences, I must so far trespass upon your hospitality as to begin at the beginning, if you will pardon so unusual a proceeding. It was Christmas Eve and I sat with my feet on the fender, as recommended by the head-

master of Haileybury when pleading for another unhappy language. I was not reading Homer or Plato (not even in translations, Sir), but that mighty sheet in which disciples of Pythagoras believe they are both reincarnated,—in a word, *THE TIMES*.

Now on Christmas Eve one does not desire to read of small matters, of the daily tattle of history in the making; rather does one turn to the praises of famous men, and leaving all the rest I passed instinctively to the columns in which were inscribed for ever the virtues of the great prelate whose death had but recently been announced. Here I found as it were a dream of archbishops, of their mighty sayings and weighty deeds, all set forth in order due and composed in that classic style which, it is said, the Editor is wont to draw up in the bucket of eloquence from the well of English pure and undefiled. I read on, gradually becoming more and more engrossed, until I found myself brought to an abrupt pause in the middle of an archiepiscopal utterance. "An apparent combine of much-respected names . . ." I read. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. "*Combine* of much-respected names . . ." I murmured, "impossible!" But at the third reading it was still there, and so unto seven times. And then I put the paper down and took thought.

Could it be possible that Archbishop Tait had actually employed the American language for the better conveyance of his advice to Dr.

Temple? Or was it that my brain had become slightly confused through over-much indulgence in the sparkling periods of your contemporary? No, Sir, I dismissed that suspicion as unworthy; however much it may cheer *THE TIMES* does not inebriate. I would look again. Yes, there it was, "*combine* of much-respected names."

My dream of archbishops was rudely shattered, and I began almost unconsciously to reconstruct my ideas. There flashed into my mind the fearful insidiousness of the American language and its terrible effect on our own unhappy tongue. But,—was it conceivable that with all its guile it could have wormed its way into the confidence of one who was to be an archbishop? And besides was the word *combine* in existence even in America so long ago as 1861? For a long time I wrestled with the problem "this way and that dividing the swift mind," but no conclusion seemed satisfactory for, on the authority of *THE TIMES* itself, there stood the odious word in the Archbishop's letter.

There remained, it was true, one more chance, but it was so slight that it seemed hardly worth the taking; it might prove that *THE TIMES* had quoted the Archbishop amiss. I admitted it to myself much as we sometimes admit to other people the possibility of ghosts or sea-serpents, that is to say more out of politeness than conviction. However, as it was a chance I decided not to neglect it. Once more I read the passage:

I hold that those especially of the contributors who, like yourself, occupy public posts are now solemnly bound to explain publicly, and with as little delay as possible, their relation to this book in duty to themselves and in fairness to the many who are likely to be influenced

unduly by an apparent combine of much-respected names with others less known.

Thus refreshed in memory I took hat and stick and hurried off to the house of a clerical friend on whose book-shelves I remembered to have seen *THE LIFE OF ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT*. Turning to the Archbishop's letter to Dr. Temple of February 23rd, 1861, I found that it was written in English, and that the word used was, in fact, *combination*. Sir, you may judge of my relief at having my confidence in archbishops established more firmly than ever by the "blessed word combination." But, to quote Aristophanes, "after the storm I see a weasel," and on returning to my fireside and taking up the paper which had caused me so much trouble I found myself looking at it with suspicion, and dared no more to dream of archbishops lest I should find one writing to another that, "There has, I know, been a sad boom in indifferentism, and in consequence a distressing slump in missionary endeavour," or even worse things. So putting the paper firmly away I turned my attention to the second problem, which may be summed up in the simple question—why?

Why should *THE TIMES* for no apparent reason change the eminently respectable *combination* into the disreputable *combine*? Could it be that the paper was setting itself to undermine a discredited Government, (I apologise for the epithet but can at the moment think of no other which suits the word *government*) and to nullify its efforts to place the national nose between the Teuton finger and thumb? Could it be that the only way to effect this was to convince our brothers-in-blood, our cousins-over-the-water, or whatever be the particular term of endearment our journalists prefer to apply to that extraordin-

any conglomeration of races which people the United States of America, —to convince them, I say, of our amity by stretching the editorial hand across the ocean and seizing one of their favourite words? Could it be that there was an esoteric meaning in the word *combine* which, it was hoped, would escape a Government that at present comprehends German only, but would be quite intelligible to Mrs. Gallup and the Paris edition of the NEW YORK HERALD? Was the use of the word, in fine, tantamount to a declaration of policy?

And yet all this was not at all like THE TIMES; I reflected that I had often been puzzled to discover in its utterances any meaning at all. How then should it of a sudden indulge in esoterics? And though the policy seemed well suited to the meek-faced SPECTATOR, which week by week offers the kiss of peace to our blood-brothers aforesaid (is this, by the way, the reason for their efforts to legislate against kissing?), it was too subtle for Printing House Square. Could it be a case of æsthetic perception? Was it merely that after long hesitation it had been decided that *combine* was a more beautiful word than *combination*, that American was a more lovely language than English, and that in future the Editor would endeavour to convince his readers of these facts? It is said that Mithridates by taking his daily dose of poison became at length able to consume it in large quantities with every sign of relish and none of disagreement. Similarly it might be that the readers of THE TIMES were every day to have a little more American added to their English, until at length it came as naturally to them as their mother-tongue. So brandied cherries, if you will pardon

my comparing so excellent to so vile a thing,

So brandied cherries, by infusion slow,
Imbibe new flavour and their own forego.

There was a certain attractiveness about this idea, more especially as we marked how with great subtlety the word had been introduced not in the proper utterances of THE TIMES but in a quotation of an archbishop. Why this very fact would convince the world!

But, sir, it has not convinced me and I hope it will not convince your readers. The matter is serious. If the leading English daily paper, which has hitherto had the reputation of knowing its own value (three-pence, be it remembered, not a half-penny) and of respecting the language it employs, is to yield to the assault of the importunate floodgates and to adopt the speech and manners of its conquerors, then we are indeed lost. Feeling thus strongly I have ventured to lay the case before you. Perhaps it is not too late; perhaps THE TIMES may yet save itself, or, failing that, be saved from itself.

Permit me to sign myself

AN UNHAPPY ENGLISHMAN.

P.S. It has just occurred to me that *combine* may be a printer's error. These things do happen, I am told, even in the best regulated offices, and especially at seasons of festivity. Yet I am doubtful, for since then I have, I deeply regret to say, encountered such ineffable abominations as *portraitist* and *landscapist* in the same journal,—and in the art-criticisms, moreover, which, as everyone knows, are the work of an individual who breathes, or has at least the privilege of breathing, the amplest and divinest air of culture.

THE BARON

(A LOVE STORY.)

It was after dinner at my aunt's. The candles burnt motionless in their silver sticks; not a breath of air came from the Rhine; the cards lay on the crimson plush table-cover near the window; the wine-hills across the river were purple beneath a large moon that was like a silver coin reflecting some light of immense power.

My aunt (in a flat cap which exactly resembled the paper in which soles are served) rocked placidly in a black bentwood chair. She was looking out on the romantic stream, an inscrutable smile on her round, uncomely, kindly face. I have not the least idea why she should have always presented that air of inscrutability. She was the Frau Ráthin Von V., and had been a widow for many years, a condition to which I think she had long become reconciled. She was very well off, very strong-minded, very opinionative, and very benevolent. I gathered that, at the moment, we were awaiting company for cards. It seemed to be part of a weekly routine, of a life that apparently nothing would disturb in its equable course.

A clock, in the blue dusk of the other drawing-room, struck a half hour through the curtains. My aunt walked heavily across the room to arrange some thin cakes more symmetrically in a plate on a small round table. The electric bell at the front garden gate made an individual sound, sharp and startling, like the buzzing of a large and irritably metallic fly. The figure of my Aunt's old Pauline hurried through the dusk to fumble at

the fastening; the sound of pleasant voices mingled with the unfailing gurgle of the Rhine itself. There were two guests, an erect and tall old man in a very light, soft suit, an erect and tall young girl in a very white, soft dress.

In the candle-light he stood, his soft hat in his hand, bowing very slightly, smiling very gently. "Aha, Frau Geheimráthin," he said, "you have not yet had fastened my attachment to the garden-door." His voice was strong and good-humoured. His daughter's face, with shadowy and, as if resentfully gleaming, dark eyes, looked at us over his broad shoulder.

"That is my Pauline," replied aunt good-humouredly. "She will rather run to give a friendly greeting to my guests."

He laughed. His hair was silver, his healthy, shaven cheeks very pink and white, his moustache as if drops of rime had congealed in its dark thickness; his figure, released from its bow, was wonderfully straight. His daughter was shadowy, yes, undoubtedly shadowy, with the tallness of youth and the shadowiness of those Rhine nights that, under the thick pall of leaves, have everywhere unexpected and magical gleams.

My aunt sat herself uncomfortably on her red velvet sofa, behind the table. She beckoned the young girl to sit beside her and held one of her hands. The Baron (I had suddenly recognised him as the Baron Von B.) sat facing me, smilingly on the other side of the immense white-

tilled stove. At the table the two ladies were discussing an undeserving wine-dresser, a militant agnostic and socialist who had broken his leg and stood in need of charitable assistance.

"Who would not," he said earnestly, "acquire your noble language?"—I had been complimenting him on the excellence of his pronunciation, but the figure of his daughter had made me momentarily distracted. "The language of Newton, of Arkwright, of Stephenson or Edison,—and of the Tichborne case!" he added.

One grows resigned to extraordinary views of one's country, of its abilities, its virtues, of, as it were, its high-lights, but still— "*Aber, Herr Baron,*" I protested smilingly. He winced.

I had seen him the Sunday before. We had gone among the files of pilgrims, of shopkeepers from Coblenz, of peasants from the inland valleys, walking in strings with a clicking of beads, and, generally, at the head of each small file a woman or a young girl chanting reiterated penances, along the river banks beneath the fruit trees. The carriage of the Von B.'s had whirled past us, raising a dust that seemed to dissipate itself high overhead among the stakes and rust-coloured stones of the precipitous vineyards. The carriage was heavier than one of ours,—a berlin, I should think, the horses lighter, without the action, with more flowing manes, with, as one might say, a defter step, but the whole thing had something of a territorial air.

We had come upon them again outside the church of pilgrimage. We had been drinking weak tea in the very hot and crowded garden of a peasants' inn. It was my aunt's idea that I should "study the life of the people;" and certainly I saw a crowd. The large carriage was pacing solemnly through a huddle of people,

of taper-huts, of image-huts, of bead-stalls, of old, worn women offering for sale portraits of the Virgin in primary colours, of St. Joseph, of St. Benedict, and photographs of the particular, miraculous image (it had been found by a goat-girl in a hollow tree) that drew all the crowds week by week and year by year to the insignificant slate-roofed church in the tiny valley.

The carriage had stopped; my aunt had held a short and animated discussion in a voice pitched high to dominate the clatter of the crowd.

"Oh yes, he is *freisinnig*," she said rejoining me; "but, you see, he comes to this. I—I call it a mummery."

I asked, if he were agnostic, protestant, liberal, or whatever the shade of thought the shibboleth indicated, why he came at all?

"Oh, it is the duty of his station," said she shrugging her shoulders.

Seeing the Baron there in her drawing-room, I thought I understood. He was a charming man, with a courtesy, a deference, made up of the merest indication of gestures and smiles. I had met two barons before: one, a student, immense and sodden, used to sit always comatose, his great dog at his feet, before a table in a students' café; the other, with flaming whiskers, a very red nose, and apparently wearing always a green hunter's cap and black cock's feather, had left the impression of doing nothing but smoke bad cigars, disembowel wild boars, and shout offensively at peasant girls. But Von B., apparently, was of the real *noblesse*, a man who recognised the duties of his station. His castle, on a crag two miles away, was the most complete of that part of the Rhine, as also were his vineyards. I had seen them from below, tier upon tier, as if with ironstone fortifications

and terraces, rising up sheer from the railway on the bank to the pinnacles and the gilded vanes of the *Schloss*. And he was charming, the real *noblesse*, but eccentric, in a charming way.

"Your language," he said, "of practical science, yes, and of human justice."

"But really, Herr Baron," I protested, "the Tichborne case!"

He winced again. "That was a mystery unravelling. Yes! Patiently, yes, clear-sightedly, sifted to the bottom and, yes, against the wishes, the prejudices of half your nation." He sighed and added gently: "Would you please call me Herr Edward, not the other? After all, we are cousins." He paused, stammered a little. "No! *Aber doch!* Yes, cousins!"

My aunt suddenly rapped out from the table,—she had been apparently immersed in a discussion about three children very ill with diphtheritic throats—"He knows nothing about his family, this Englishman. They don't acknowledge these ties."

He made a slight and modestly friendly inclination of the head, as if suggesting that a relationship with himself was the last thing one, as a sensible being, would want to claim. "Your aunt, the Frau Geheimrätin, and I are indeed first cousins. I allow myself the privilege, but it is true the English acknowledge not these relations. They have little family feeling. Perhaps that is why they are so great,—one of the reasons."

He went to sit beside my aunt and Fräulein Minne came and sat opposite me. Her dark eyes and shadowy presence, in her soft muslin dress of a young girl, her direct, proud glances, caused me more than a vague trouble. I was twenty-two, and in the War-Office; what in the world could I find to say to her? Every topic,

every idea in the world seemed to have fallen away from me, leaving her sitting composedly facing me, waiting, as for a right, for me to speak.

When it came to playing the cards it was a great deal worse. My aunt, with her inscrutable smile, suggested that I should teach the Fräulein Minne the game of bridge. It would be so nice for her to introduce to her young lady's gatherings in the winter.

I seemed to grip the pack with fingers grown enormous, four of the cards I could not anyhow pick up from the plush table-cover. I tried to bow stiffly from the waist, to say "*Enchanté*"; I could not remember the German for it, could not remember whether it was one of the French words with which the Germans so liberally spice their conversation.

The Baron said, smiling, "She no longer goes to these gatherings," and a look of pride and resentment came into his daughter's eyes.

My aunt said, "*So!*" and sat reflecting for some minutes. We began to play whist.

"And my cooking-stove?" he asked my aunt.

"Oh, Pauline threw it out of the window."

He laughed gaily and then turned to me. "I have namely invented a cooking-stove, with electricity. But the Frau Geheimrätin's cooking-maid is an autocrat. She does not favour my inventions."

"Ah, you invent!" I said.

My aunt cross-questioned me. Did I not know the Baron's sparking-plug? It was used in all the German war-motors. Did not my office use it?

I said I did not know, which was true. War-motors were nothing to my department which concerned itself with mobilisation.

"Ah!" was my aunt's comment,

"Ah!" as if I and my Office cut very poor figures.

The Baron said, "Ah, but I use my name. 'Dr. Ehrhart's sparking plug,' manufactured for me by the Germania Company at Deutz."

I promised to call the attention of my Chief to it; we were, it was notorious, always glad to adopt German ideas. I wanted to make myself agreeable. "But," I went on, "you say *your* name. I did not know that foreign nobility, I mean, not English, employed surnames. I mean . . . I mean you would say . . ." My aunt's little eyes were regarding me fixedly. I turned to the young girl. She, too, was looking at me, her pale face flooded with colour. "You would say," I went on blindly, "that is, would sign, Edward XII. Von B., not as in our case 'Temple of —'."

"Please ask Pauline to bring in the May-bowl," interrupted my aunt snappishly. She might just as well have pressed the little bell that dangled from a green cord in front of her nose. I had put my foot in it; but how, how, in the world? I hung about for some time on the black tiles of the shadowy, square hall before re-entering, when I found them talking composedly about Venice. In the moonlight under the fragrant lime trees along the river,—I was walking back with them to their villa to smoke my cigar—he laid his hand on my arm. "My dear young connection," he said, turning his friendly face to mine. His daughter was moving silently, and very distractingly, like a white cloud, on the other side, looking out over the river, so that I saw only the delicate curve of her cheek. "It is my duty to make you a confession."

She said suddenly: "*Aber, lieber Vater*—but dear Father, not now, later, another time."

Her voice was full and clear, classical as if it issued from a very perfect and rather tragic Greek mask. It moved me so much that I hardly noticed the shades in the tone of his answer: "Very well, dear little one."

He pointed out to me how the moonlight fell, just on the rock of the H—fels, above the stream, like that with a touch of cloud behind, like a heraldic sea-horse's head. Ah, it was good to be young there on the Rhine!

He stood erect and smiling, pressing my hand friendly before the iron gate of their garden. His villa rose up very white with the dark shapes of the Venetian shutters at the windows. They were going to disappear, to be swallowed up by the gleaming laurels in their garden. I said boldly: "Will you not give me gracious permission to visit, to see your *Schloss*?"

"Yes," he said. On Thursday, after to-morrow, he would be himself at liberty to show me some of his little contrivances. Then they were gone, and I was walking back under the clipped lime-trees.

Yes, it was good to be young, there on the Rhine. I shall never again smoke another such cigar, with just that same flavour. I was going to see them again on the Thursday. And what eyes she had! They seemed to be looking at me, out of the shadows, the purple, the mist of the hills above the other bank, out of their more gleaming reflections, the exact, but more romantic counterparts that stretched out towards me.

And this mystery, this confession that he would have made to me? She had stopped him. Why, now? It couldn't be anything disgraceful; he stood so erect; but, if it wasn't that, why had she asked him not to make it? It must be that he was *freisinnig*, rationalistic.

Well, who in the world cared? But she had stopped him, she did not wish him to fall in my estimation. She must care about my opinion, then. Was it possible?

A large steamer glided down stream. They were singing on board, and the brilliance of the lights from her portholes shone vivid and warm towards me, destroying with innumerable swirls and scrolls the placidity of the pale stream, the immobility of the reflected hills. I could hear the thud of her paddles a long time afterwards. Then, across the water, a drunken man began to hammer at some door, and a dog yelped.

I met her brother, the Baron's younger son, next day, at W—n, a town a little way up stream. He was a fair, curly headed, rather stout man of nearly thirty, erect too and friendly. He insisted on taking me to drink coffee with his wife, a tiny, rather Parisian *blonde*, with curls more golden than his own and a gently listless manner. She also was most friendly. But when I said that I had had the honour of meeting his sister he scowled violently.

"That little cat!" he said. His wife looked anxious and deprecating. He asked with a sort of fat, and as it were chivalric, contempt, whether "they down there had heard from the Emperor?" I could not tell him. He snarled: "Well! So!" plucked a rose from the trellis of their summer-house and threw it into the river with violence. Apparently they were not on terms with the *Schloss*, or rather with the *Villa Ehrhardt*.

When, at the officers' club in the principal hotel under the clipped limes I mentioned the Baron's name to a very pleasant old colonel with long white moustaches and a very pleasant, young, fair, and unbearded

second-lieutenant in a light blue and silver uniform, they both exhibited an indignation, not, it is true, so violent as the young Von B.'s. The lieutenant began, boiling: "*Jener alte*—" The old man checked him with a lift of his white eyebrows. "*Ach*, yes, the *Frau Geheimrätin*!" the young man laughed, referring, inoffensively enough, to my aunt.

I got nothing out of her. It was not in her to give me information. She blinked her eyes and said only: "Yes, Miss Minne! *Aber doch*—"

The *Schloss* hung over a bend in the great river. Enormous woolly clouds made shafts of light smite downwards on to the stream and cut solid lines of shadows steep and aslant from the hard crags. The Baron leant over the parapet of a small gun-garden, pointing right down on to one of the rude barges that, hundreds of feet below, looked, with its clumsy rudder, for all the world like a canoe full of savages. "Yes," he laughed, "they could stop anything going down the stream; they could take their tolls, those old scoundrels." He was referring to the old robber barons of B. He had shown me everything. We were resting there, in a little shaded grey parapeted square enclosure. We were going to descend the steep path; I had a very vivid sense of the ladies,—my aunt and *Fräulein Minne*—who were sitting in a little arbour down below, taking thick milk. They hadn't wanted to climb up, not even when they could have had chairs put into one the hydraulic trucks (the Baron's own invention) that climbed sheer and straight up into the wine-press rooms. "And they want me to be descended from them!"

I laughed a non-committal laugh, not understanding him very well. They were obviously his ancestors. I had seen whole galleries full; Von

B.'s, his father's; Von S.'s, those of his mother from whom the greater part of the lands and the castle itself had come into his family. Well, I wanted to get back, down there to where Fräulein Minne's dark eyes and shadowy, erect presence were waiting to thrill me, distractingly, in every fibre.

He, however, leaned against the parapet. "No, my dear sir," he said. "No, my dear young connection. This is the trouble! 'That's the rub!'" They are always quoting Shakespeare incorrectly over there. I was fidgeting to get away. "It must be obvious to you," he went on smiling a little quizzically, "that a man of,—of how would you say?—my parts? . . . could not be descended from those swilling creatures, the Von S.'s. Has it not occurred already to you?"

I really did not understand him. The Von S.'s were his mother's people. It was embarrassing, as if he were talking in metaphors. He rolled a little fragment of velvety green moss from the parapet in his long pink fingers.

"Then I will tell you the whole secret," he went on. "I am not a descendant of the Von S.'s; I am not even Baron Von B." He spoke English, the language of Newton, of Edison, and of the Tichborne case, with great clearness; there was no misunderstanding his facts. His father, Edward XI., the Baron, had, he said, been wild, masterful, a threatening man and very cruel. He had married, rather late in life, the heiress of the Von S.'s, "my, who speak to you's reputed mother." Then, apparently, a son had been born to them. In the hamlet, at the foot of the castle path, there lived a schoolmaster, Ehrhardt, with a beautiful daughter. He told it for all the world as if it were one of the

Rhine legends one reads on the decks of the steamers, passing the castles on the crags. "That beautiful daughter disappeared suddenly, mysteriously, a little before my birth. The Baroness Von B., *geboren* von S., pined away, wept much in dark places, and died. I, who speak to you, was brought up by hand, as a young noble should be. I had horses, the best of all things, the best of all teachers. Once, I remember it very well, the schoolmaster Ehrhardt, an old man, called me to him and kissed me. I struck him with my whip; after that he died. Once, when I was ten, I was with my father in Paris for three months. Always there was in the house a beautiful woman with blond locks, who would kiss me often and cry. My father (he was a black, stern man of whom I was much afraid), sometimes he would fondle her, sometimes he would curse her; he would strike her too sometimes."

I began to foresee the drift of his story. The details he supplied very convincingly, emphasising them with little waves of the hand, little smiles, little shrugs, as if I, as a man of the world, must see the transparent verisimilitude of it all. At the University of Heidelberg he had become interested in applied sciences. During the war of 1870 he had had an opportunity to perfect his "well-known breechblock" for field-guns. Then he had married; his eldest son had been born. His father had died, raving on the names of half a dozen women, principally about an Ermine with *blonde Lokken*. After my Baron's succession the second son had been born, the one I had seen, and then Minne.

I wondered vaguely how his eldest son would regard my pretending to her hand, and remembered that I had hopelessly offended the second. But I imagined the elder as polished,

courteous, affable, easy to get on with, like his father in short.

The Baron was continuing. "All the while I was a most happy man. I had my wife, my children; I could study. I could make all these contrivances, a thing to wash dishes for poor people, my celebrated improvement in engraving, my hydraulic machinery for the *Weinbau*; you see how wide apart my inventions were. I was very rich, but I became still more wealthy. I interested myself in the condition of the common people. My sons grew up, married, had children. My little Minne was seventeen; now she is nineteen. She had been in the convent; she is very instructed, and a very loving and dutiful child."

So she was nineteen the *Fräulein Minne*!

"And then," the Baron continued, "a man came to me and told me the whole story. The villain wanted to blackmail me! He was a Stephen Ehrhardt, the grandson of Ehrhardt who had kept school here, my cousin, in fact."

I did not feel surprised. The story was so logical, put in his manner without any stress at all. Besides, for all I knew, the sort of thing might be common in Germany. Anything was probable on the Rhine, among the descendants of robber barons. The Baron himself was looking at me earnestly, friendly.

"And then?" I asked him.

He seemed to recognise that I was interested, that I did not disbelieve, that I was, in fact, sympathetic. His blue eyes gazed earnestly into mine, as he laid a hand gently on my arm. "You remember, of course, the schoolmaster's daughter who disappeared? She was *Ermine mit den blonden Lokken*. My father, you understand, was a cruel man. She was virtuous, but he overpowered her, on the night

before he married his wife; yet he swore to her that her son should be Baron von B. You see! I was her son. His wife's son died two days after being born; if he had not, I do not know what would have happened. But my father had carried Ermine, just before, to another house, in the hills above here." He pointed across the stream. "So I, a baby, two days old, was carried down those hills at night, across the river and up that path,—yes, at night—by an old peasant woman and my grandfather Ehrhardt. They might have stumbled in those rocky ways at night, but they did not; so here I am!

"That was the story told me by my cousin, Stephen Ehrhardt. He was a vile man: he expected that I would pay him money to conceal this. But I,—no! Would I pay a man money to conceal that I was not the child of those swilling von S.'s? Besides it was too manifest. I remembered how my grandfather Ehrhardt had kissed me; I remembered in Paris the Ermine of the blonde locks, my mother. So I called together all the family, my sons, the von B.'s, the von S.'s, the rightful heirs. Would you believe it? They laughed at me.

"Yes, they laughed at me, you understand? I offered them the lands, the money, the titles,—what did I want with them, I? They were afraid; they would have had to intent a process. I was ready not to, as you say, defend it, but they were afraid; a lawsuit would have been very heavy in costs. I was ready to defray them. But they were afraid too of ridicule; such a thing had never been heard of. They said there was no witness, no evidence, except this Stephen Ehrhardt who had heard it only from his and my grandfather. But there was a great noise, and he grew afraid and ran away. No evidence! Yes, but how did my father's wife die, then,

of grief, weeping in dark corners? I found too an old peasant woman whose mother had carried me, but she was too old and stupid. My sons were enraged. It seems they would have defended the process. *They!*" he spoke with deep contempt, his breath came fast through his nostrils. He glared, even at me.

"You understand, there is nothing I can do to rid myself of this,—this burden. Lawyers are afraid to help me, and statesmen. It is as if I were attempting a sort of *lèse majesté*—you see?—as if I were despising rank and the social hierarchy. A great noise, of course—much abuse for me! It killed my poor wife, two years ago. My sons, you understand, wished to put me in a—in a Madman's Health Institute. They wanted to assert that my scientific studies had turned my brain. But could they? No! Did I squander my goods? No! Did I damage the estate? Again, no!—you have seen how I have kept the estate? Where is there such another for its agriculture? Have I not all the latest improvements? You have seen how I have restored the *Schloss*; where is there such another?"

He grew calmer now.

"No, I have done my duty as would have befitted the rank. The estate, everything, is in good condition if the von S.'s will come to take it. I patronise the church,—you have seen that too—but the castle I will not live in. I am Dr. Ehrhardt, an inventor. I built myself the villa you have seen."

He looked at me and smiled friendly as if he had come to an end.

"And Fräulein Minne?" I asked.

"She is my own daughter," he said proudly. He sighed a little. "It is not very nice for her."

I understood why the brother had called her a "little cat." When the

rupture had come she had stood by her father, and no doubt she had had some biting things to say on his behalf.

"You understand?" he said again. "No! It has caused us a great deal of unpleasantness, a great deal. We are, as it were, ostracised. No one likes, except your excellent aunt, to be seen talking with me; they are afraid, in fact, for my cause is unpopular with high officials. And the young ladies will not talk with my daughter; for her it is sad, a sad affair. Even my scientific colleagues are afraid of me; I am not any more asked to speak at congresses, and I have just discovered a very important principle, a development, but I can do nothing with it, now."

That, in short, was his tale, told in the dusk, above one of the glimmering reaches of the Rhine. It caused, for the moment, his daughter to pale in his own light. I had got over any astonishment quite early in the story; it seemed perfectly natural, his father having been that sort of man. For himself I felt a glow of enthusiasm. He was splendid, even down to the way he took it for granted, for the most natural thing, that he should wish to be dispossessed. Well, I was young and naïf.

"But couldn't you—?" I began. I cast about in my mind for expedients.

He smiled as if warmed by my earnestness. "Oh, I have done all that was possible to do," he said in his soft, sunny voice. "My dear young connection, I petitioned the Emperor, on his birthday, but no notice was taken. I have turned every stone in Germany."

"Well, you couldn't do much outside," I said.

He reflected and added, "No!" interrogatively.

We drank our coffee with my aunt

and Fräulein Minne, at a little inn table covered with a pink and white cloth, in a sweet-scented lime arbour on the river bank. The evening closed in. She played with the flossy ears of the little dog in her lap, while my aunt blinked amiably. I was rather pensive, thinking what in the world I could do to aid him, which would also be showing my devotion to her. He asked in the naive trustful way that some distinguished foreigners have when they ask for information about England: "How would one set about obtaining an invitation to read a paper at the Congress of your — Association?"

"You would like to?" I asked in my turn, eagerly. "You wish to, about your new discovery?"

"Surely your mother's brother," suggested my aunt, "the Professor, could help."

I owned a maternal uncle, a Professor of Bacteriology. "I will to-morrow write to him," said I. We were speaking German, and I noticed a shade of approval come into the Fräulein Minne's dark eyes. I went on: "He always reads papers at the Congress, where he has very much influence and reputation."

"Yes, you shall manage it, Willie," said my aunt.

"Namely," the Baron said, "all our Congresses are closed to me, as I have told you, and I have made this important discovery. I should like to read my paper,—at Manchester it will be, I think."

My aunt made us two young people stand back to back. She had been maintaining that, in England, our stock had deteriorated, that I was very little, if anything taller than the dear Minne. The girl's shoulder touched mine; I could feel her hair against the back of my neck; the Rhine gurgled on its stones. I can feel the touch, the quiver, I can smell the

scent of the lime trees, I can, at odd moments, still come under the influence, as it were, of the gleaming, silvery shadows—to this day. Ah, well, say what you will, it was good to be young on the Rhine!

She stood a little apart in the dusk as we said good-night at my aunt's gate, and as she gave me her hand, "You have heard my father's story?" she said gravely. "And you believe it?"

"Why in the world should I not?" I asked in return.

She looked at me gravely, profoundly, searchingly, and I was able to look back into her eyes. "Gracious Fräulein," I said, "there isn't a stone I would leave unturned to help your father." It struck me that she did not look absolutely pleased, but in the dusk I could not see her face very plainly.

My aunt put exactly the same questions to me in her brilliantly-lit drawing-room as she pulled the black feather boa from round her stout neck and took off her huge ungainly hat. I had heard the Baron's story, and I believed it! I gave the same answer.

"The man's stone mad," she returned grinning sardonically at me, "*Das Töchterchen aber ist reizend, nichtwahr?*" She nodded adding, "Mad! as mad as,—you would say—a March rabbit!" and gave me her things to take into the hall. She was saying grace, her silver head bowed over her boiled eggs and tea, her fat hands swiftly making the sign of the cross, when I returned. She did not revert to the subject of the Baron, except, later, to ask whether I really intended to write to my uncle the Professor of Bacteriology about the Baron's paper at the Congress of the — Association.

Certainly, I intended to write.

She looked at me long and intently, as if she were anxious to make out

just what kind of a fool I was. It was a long reflective stare, which suddenly broke into a very tender, very affectionate smile. In her round, red, wrinkled face her eyes beamed like agate marble.

"*Lieber Willie!*" she said endearingly. "You are so like your father; he was just so impulsive. But my cousin Edward is mad, stone mad, all the same." She clasped my hand affectionately in one of hers and patted it for a long time. "But certainly yes, write at once! I will go to bed. That Minne is *reizend*, ravishing, *nichtwahr?* I am an ugly old woman, and will go to bed." She waddled to the door.

The Germans are an excitable people, more particularly there in the Rheingau. The affairs of the Baron von B. were an endless delight to them, a cause of scandal. You see,—either he was right, then he was illegitimate; or he was wrong, then he was mad. It made a scandal either way. In any case they hated unnatural virtue; it was contemptible, poor spirited; they wouldn't have wanted to lose their estates. It drove them nearly mad. The more official minded considered that, as the Baron had said, it was a kind of *lèse majesté*.

An old *Regierungsrath* with very red ears and a very white beard shook an infuriated finger at me. "Young man," he said, "it is grossly disrespectful! socialism, free-thought! He pretends to despise titles. Yes! A conceited, self-righteous, *verpflichteter* Socialist."

I got into all sorts of hot water about it. I suppose I behaved egregiously, and I nearly had to fight a duel. In the rather gorgeous drawing-room,—all carved and painted oak, with a frescoed madonna on a medieval panel and a piano whose case was carved to look like an organ

—she herself said to me: "You must not fight my father's battles for him."

Her calm, dark eyes looked at me reflectively, and very inspiring I found them. In that rich place her straight, white simplicity was so pure and so fresh that, in spite of her proud coldness, it made me want, as it were, to cry. "I honour him so much, your father," I urged.

"But still, in such a cause—" she began.

"Surely," I said quickly, "*you* believe?"

"I do not know what I believe," she answered slowly and with a great simplicity.

And that, if it did more than anything else to shake my faith in the Baron, made me, more than anything else, respect and adore her. She had so much obloquy to suffer and,—if she didn't believe? It seemed to me to be heroism. "Well then, I would fight for you," I said.

She laughed a little. "That would be most foolish."

I had brought her some volumes of poems. In those days we had that Neo-Catholic poetry, dealing in medievalism, in the saints, and Mary Mother. It astonished her very much. We, as English Protestants, passed for pagans over there. I tried to explain the mere æstheticism of our attitude. "Even our common people believe in the blessed saints," was her reply.

A great deal came out then of what she had to suffer. She had aristocratic notions of a most exclusive kind, and of the most self-contained; she had, deep in her heart, ideas almost incredible of caste and of charity; she was always with a father, handsome, smiling, adored, but always proclaiming democratic sentiments, scoffing always at ancestors she believed hers, railing even at her Church.

"You haven't even told him," I said, "what you believe."

"Oh no," she answered very composedly; "one does not discuss things with one's father." But a compression of her lips, a folding of her nervous hands, showed me that, if it was not in the spirit of her caste to discuss, she could disapprove very strongly. She was, I seemed to understand, walking about with him, presiding at his feasts or his amiable eccentricities, as a Juno might have regarded the wilful misconduct of Apollo trafficking with lower mortals. The atmosphere of their house, in the light of that sudden revelation, seemed to be charged with an electricity more dangerous than any that came from the Baron's own induction coils.

"But if your father is mad," I began, and the sudden darkening of her eyes was as overpowering as if I had offered her, personally, some insult too gross for words. The Baron came into the room, cool and smiling, humming *Ché farò* from his laboratory. "Ah, my dear young sir," he said, "your honoured uncle has written to me. I shall read my paper at Manchester. I shall give you still more trouble, you shall see."

She did not speak to me any more that evening, but went silently away, to bed, I suppose, and I had to sit (with that to distract me horribly) and listen to the Baron's sketch of his paper. He walked up and down the room, a brilliant, amiable figure, with his fresh-coloured cheeks and silver hair, the white ash of his cigar between his delicate fingers seeming always to tremble on the point of falling on to the gorgeous carpet and he seeming always (it was part of his brilliant proficiency) to catch it on the point and drop it into an ash-tray or out of the wide open windows that, like all the windows there, showed

the purple hills, the starlight, and the Rhine.

Was he mad then? He asked shrewd questions as to the nature of the audiences at the Congress. Were they *wissenschaftliche Leute*? No! Generally people with a desire for a little sensation? Well, he could give them that. A sprinkling of solid men of science? Yes; it was as he thought.

And Minne! Would she ever forgive me? Did she think him mad? Would she allow no one else to say it, though? I had only wanted to sympathise.

He began asking me questions as to turns of phrase in English. I would be so good as to revise his paper? He fetched an electric technical dictionary, English-German, a small red book. He rustled the leaves and bent, looking so gay and young, over it on the table; the smoke from his cigar ascending in spirals above his long, delicate hand. "Ampères? Yes, Ampères."

Such a look she had given me! Good heavens, would she never forgive me? She must, she should! I would prove by my devotion to her father how misleading my opening phrase had been. Heavens, I hadn't meant any disrespect! But how irrational she was! She insisted on one's honouring him; on the other hand, she detested his ideas. If one helped him, one helped them. Where in the world did I stand?

He looked at me, beaming over his shoulder from the table. The audiences were influential people? Yes! And the journals reported the papers read? Capital, capital!

He ordered in, after consulting me, bottles of his best *Liebfraumilch*, and those beautiful glasses, like golden iridescent soap-bubbles, that jingle together and ring so delicately and so long. He sat there, far into the night, talking buoyantly. It was

impossible to believe that he was a man shunned by all the sleeping country-side. It was not possible that he was mad. He explained the principle that he had discovered so lucidly that it was crystal to me who knew nothing about these things. Probably he was mistaken about his birth. Minne did not believe what he deduced from the facts he went upon, that was all.

I got heart of grace to ask my aunt to intercede for me with the Fräulein Minne. I was by that time on the best of terms with that "ugly old woman," who, under her mockery, had a benevolence, an affection for me, almost sentimental. She grinned maliciously at me. "*Ach so!* The ravishing daughter? Oh yes! In England, when she has the *Heimweh*, the homesickness, *du lieber Willie*, you,—how horrible is your English *you!*—shall be very obsequious, very serviceable to the father. Oh yes, God bless you, my dear!"

The Baron in London was the oddest, and the most enthusiastic, sight. He beamed charmingly at the grimy, gaunt, huge wheels and rods of Puffing Billy and the other pre-diluvian black monsters of steam-engines, preserved in the long dim galleries of machines in the South Kensington Museum. And in the brilliant, shining halls of the National Gallery he beamed charmingly too, at the sea cavern, with its translucent, blue atmosphere, of the Virgin of the Rocks.

"What a nation," he said, "that out of the earnings of its Stephenson's producing its first locomotives on earth, pays, as it were, Lionardos to produce for it the most exquisite, the most purely tear-compelling of all pictures! And what a nation of clear-headed common-sense!" he exclaimed from the public seats of a Chancery Court. We were looking

down on the shabby wig of an old judge, the shabby wigs of barristers. He discovered clear-headed common-sense in the to me incomprehensible harangues of learned counsel. He was enraptured at the grave attention which the judge bestowed on the soles of many pairs of boots (it was a case of infringement of patent in some heel-ventilator) that were handed to the bench by an usher in a lamentably ragged gown.

Justice! We had it in England. It kept the hansoms in order in the Strand. It set the tides of humanity ebbing and flowing so swiftly between the cliffs and backwaters of the immense houses. Justice! His eyes shone. Minne was, as it were, shadowy, in the blaze of his enthusiasm. It was as if in that, too, she disbelieved, as if London a little disgusted her, making her rub shoulders with the most plebeian; but assuredly it did not daunt her. She would sit for long evenings, her brows a little bent, over a book in the sitting-room of the substantial, rather old-fashioned hotel in Trafalgar Square. The waiters adored the Baron, so did all cabmen, all railway porters, all messenger boys, and all the hostesses at the one or two houses where we dined. Paragraphs in the papers were already heralding the wonder of his new discovery. I, you see, could get hold of Press fellows in the corridors of the Office; any copy was good to them and they are always anxious to please. I was trying to please Minne. My uncle, the Professor, gave a dinner in honour of the Baron. It struck me as extraordinary to see Minne really side by side with English women. Afterwards my aunt said with her distracted air,—she was continually afraid that the Professor would, somehow, catch cold: "What a charming man, the Baron! But isn't his daughter rather proud!"

"A wonderful man, in his line, I understand from Professor W.," was my uncle's reply. "But he is really a Baron?"

"Why, yes, of course," said I, whereat he muttered "H'm," pursed his firm lips and readjusted his gold spectacles on his hooked nose.

It struck me that the Baron must have been talking. Then I remembered; an old man with an immense beard and spectacles that seemed as if they ought to have been black but were not, the President of the forthcoming Congress, had, when the ladies had retired, been benignantly putting questions to me about my studies. The idea of studies being pursued in our Office had struck me as odd, and I had been wondering what Minne was doing among the Professors' wives, the artificial palms, and the marble statues in the alcoves of my aunt's cold drawing-room. But at the head of the long table I could see the Baron, more distinguished, more pink and silver than ever in his evening dress, talking animatedly to my uncle and three other men of science, who, with their thin grey beards and peering eyes, had a decided air of being interested; one indeed, had a wrinkled hand curved behind his ear. In a lull of conversation I caught the words: "A very steep, rocky path, up to the *Schloss*. Yes! If I had fallen—" He had obviously been talking about the secret of his birth, of his having been carried, a baby, up that path. The castle, the ironstone vineyards, the Rhine confined between its precipitous hills, came suddenly and affectingly before me. The good time I had had there! But I was conscious of wishing that he would not talk of his birth over here to five professors and a critic of literature. He was, however, wonderfully successful in Manchester. Minne even began to thaw

at the social honours lavished upon him. I caught her smiling at a thought of her own, softly, like any young girl. It affected me with an intimate tenderness. We were driving in an open carriage in the company of their host and hostess,—you know how much of one's time at Scientific Congresses is taken up in driving about? They were lodged by an alderman; I spent my nights in a hotel.

She stood beside me, alone, in the breeze, on the green ramparts of Chester. The broad, emerald plain stretched out before us; in the limpid, blue sky were many detached puffs of cloud like a flock of white balloons. The fresh wind blew her dress against her upright figure.

"How beautiful!" she said, and her eyes shone a little.

That was a great commendation, a great encouragement, the first open kind word she had had for the country. And it was as if, by a tacit agreement, I and my land were bound up together, to stand or fall before her. It overwhelmed me. The words were in my mind, "I love you." They didn't reach my lips because in the white road below the Baron was walking with a small, red-bearded Manchester town-councillor who suddenly punched him joyously in the ribs, threw back his head, and uttered a peal of convivial laughter. It threw me out and Minne frowned. She condescended, however, to commend Eaton Hall. Its immensity, its spick and spanness, its air of being restored almost more effectually than their own *Schloss*, seemed to raise us all once more in her eyes. She approved too of the suavely bored air of the dual proprietor in receiving us, as if she discovered here at last in England traces of a caste as exclusive as her own. It made me feel more possible.

I had a happy day of it but I did

not see her again until, in the great hall at Manchester, I seemed to be immensely alone with her, sitting at her side in the front row while the organ thunderously preluded the triumphant principle of the Baron's paper. The people streamed in, rustling and dripping (there was a thunderstorm outside) and lackeys, in the livery of the city, arranged on a platform a yard or so in front of us, two chairs, a reading desk, a table with water-bottles and glasses. The red-bearded little man who had punched the Baron in the side below our feet at Chester came and stood in front of us.

"Magnificent man, your father-in-law," he said in a jovial voice. "No side! He told me his history. I'm for a man like that!" He was a militant Radical, not personally acquainted with me. I laughed and he passed along to his official seat. Minne was frowning so that her delicate eyebrows quivered. This man, you understand, a mere town-councillor, had behaved with familiarity towards her father. The Baron, it is true, had had a more tremendous success here than anywhere else; but these creatures ought to have discerned that he was unapproachable, of another clay. She looked at me blackly, as if I myself fell in her esteem, because I had suffered the little man to speak to me.

Beside me, Minne shivered a little. I did not look at her; I don't think I ever really saw her again. I became overcome by a sort of double stage-fright, because of my interest in the Baron and because, after it was over, I was going to say "I love you" to her. It was going to be the auspicious moment. The Baron would have won his triumph, and, as if to underline that scientific event, there was going to be a Corporation ball. She was bound to feel good

to me; I should have piloted him to his triumph. He was here, as it were, on my responsibility. I, too, shivered a little; I felt weak in the throat by force of this double emotion. His paper was bound to be a triumph; it was beautifully pat, astonishingly lucid. Heavens, how many times I had gone through it with him! The organist thundered towards his conclusion; the stop, like a peal of bells, seemed to send, above the thunder, a carillon chime along the gilt mouldings, the bright hatchments, the golden rafters of the immensely high roof.

Yes, heavens, how well I knew his paper! I had sat over it with him in the gorgeous drawing-room at the Villa Ehrhardt, in an arbour in my aunt's garden, at night, beneath a hanging lantern while Minne, tenderly ghost-like in her white, had appeared and disappeared among the dark bushes. I had sat over it with him in the austere sitting-room of the Trafalgar Square hotel while Minne, opposite, studied with a serious frown her Baedeker on London. It, his paper, seemed to be full of tender associations as of his genial and almost childlike turns of thought. Its principle was that of the wireless transmission of electric force. You set up, as it were, immense central towers, magnets, which attracted or repelled all the motor cars, all the lorries, which set in motion driving wheels in all the factories for miles round that centre. If, in fact, the Marconi pole with its wire at the top, could set distant needles ticking for telegrams, the Ehrhardt towers by their stupendous generation and economy in aerial transmission could set distant wheels revolving. It was, of itself, an exciting idea enough.

The organ ceased after long cadences, like pigeons wheeling round a dove-cote. There was applause,

then much more applause, a hurricane. Minne shifted a little in her seat; I saw her father's head above the edge of the platform, then his graceful, erect figure. It struck me for a minute as odd that the manuscript in his hand was white paper, not the green book that was familiar to me. Then the long-bearded, blinking President (the man who at my uncle's had asked me about my studies) began to introduce, in words that he half swallowed, the Baron von B.

The Baron himself was smiling, with an extraordinary light in his eyes, as if he were profoundly happy, as if his turn had come at last. Minne beside me said "Oh!" I couldn't seem to look at him any more; it is exciting work, waiting, in a large, and, as it were, electrically charged crowd for an intimate friend to speak. I threw my head back and gazed up into the gorgeous colours of the distant roof. There was more applause, as his voice rang out with an extraordinary clear roundness.

He said England was the land of justice, of impressibility to new ideas; that he stood there before the clearest and most fair minds England had to offer. He begged them to hear him with patience. There was a little applause. This, then, it struck me, was a small, graceful exordium that he had concealed from me, had kept up his sleeve.

Minne's hand was in mine; it gripped hard; it filled me with surprise and wonder. "Oh, look!" she said.

The Baron's eyes were turned down upon his manuscript, his face had a gentle, almost ecstatic smile. I pressed her hand, whispering "Yes, hush, dear little one!" I did not know. Suddenly his voice travelled right over our two heads, as if he were addressing a rather absurd,

rather grimy statue of Justice that held a pair of plaster scales as if they had been a watering-pot, right at the far doors, a hundred yards away.

"My father, Edward, eleventh Baron von B. was wild, masterful, a threatening man and very cruel." It struck me, for a moment, that he was making a little personal introduction for himself, a summary of his scientific life. Minne said, "Oh, now, quickly go!" "Hush!" I whispered. Her hand gripped mine, spasmodically harder and harder; she pressed a handkerchief to her lips. "Go, go quickly!" she repeated. "In the hamlet at the foot of the castle path," the Baron's clear voice brought out its succinct phrases, "there lived a schoolmaster, Ehrhardt, with a beautiful daughter." It was exactly what he had said to me, up there, in the garden of his *Schloss*, the very phrases.

"Coward, coward! Stop him!" cried Minne to me. Voices behind us called, "Hush, be quiet!" Then she was on her feet, gliding round the platform, desperately turning the handle of a locked door. I ran to her; a man beckoned us to another, half way down the great hall. She went swiftly past me, to him, between rows of curious spectators. I followed her there too. The Baron's voice sounded triumphantly: "A child was born to them."

In the body of the hall I saw faces leaning intently forward, not to miss a word. He certainly had the ear of the house.

Outside the door, in the dim immense corridor, I found her, asking the porter: "The way? Yes! To behind the platform?"

Her face had the whiteness of marble as she looked hatefully at me. We hurried through an echoing twilight, past dim pillars under black arches, till we reached an ante-room

behind the platform. The gas was turned down; the door, up three steps, was locked, and the Baron's voice came remotely from behind it.

She was knocking at it before the porter and I entered the room. "But, Miss," he began, a large fair man, in a tall hat with a gold band.

"Minne! Minne!" I said. She looked at me over her shoulder and struck the door with her clenched fist. The long beard and spectacled eyes of the President appeared at the creak of its opening. I had a stupid glimpse of the brilliant roof, of the gas-jets, of the Baron's back. She was whispering.

The old President, with a shocked air, came down the steps. The voice of the Baron read on: "And then a man came to me and told me the whole story!" His voice ceased as the door closed.

Suddenly a man in robes and a gold chain, with a brown beard streaked with grey, was beside us; others came crowding on in the background.

"My father, he is very ill; he must come away," Minne said. "He must—he will die—fetch him, tell him *I am ill!*"

The lord mayor appealed to me blankly. I muttered: "Yes, the man's mad, gone mad with the strain!"

"But—the paper?" the President stammered.

"Ah, that!" she said, calm with intense passion, and with disdain, I suppose, for us all. She looked round her, ran to her father's overcoat that lay across a chair, and dragged a green-bound volume from the inner pocket; it was the real lecture. "There, there!" she said.

The President glanced with intolerable slowness into its type-written pages. "I could read it," he said stupidly. She was clenching and unclenching her fists, her eyes shining. "I could read it," he said.

I was afraid that the Baron would have made a scene on the platform; but he did not. Only, while through the closing door I could hear the President making a stumbling apology that, "owing to the sudden illness of—um—um—the daughter of their distinguished—" the Baron, his blue eyes shining with anger, said to me: "You called yourself my ally, and you let this little fool do this!"

To this day I have not been able to decide how mad, if mad at all, he was. He may really have had, in his recollection, minute things sufficient to justify his belief in his illegitimate birth,—the kiss of his grandfather Ehrhardt, the Ermine of the blonde locks who had wept over him in Paris when he was a child—he may have had grounds for a sane belief. However, if sanity be normality, no normal man would have wanted, in the face of a thousand obstacles, a thousand disadvantages, to cut off, as it were, one of his hands; and probably, a normal man would not have selected a scientific congress for the proclamation of his illegitimacy. But that may have been only his essentially aristocratic contempt for humanity, in congress or out. I suppose not caring for the opinion of one's fellows is to be either aristocratic or mad.

I don't know,—but in the pouring rain, on the gleaming flagstones in front of the Town Hall, Minne said to me simply, "Coward!" and was, so to say, swallowed up by the doorway of their carriage. I, you see, had been the means of letting her father stand there on high and proclaim. If I had not known, I ought to have known that he was going to do it. I never did know whether he had meant to do it all along, or whether he had yielded to a sudden temptation to appeal for justice to England, the land of justice.

I had a glimpse of a pale figure

in the darkness of the carriage; the hoofs of the horses struck sparks from the granite; the wheels rattled away under the winking lamps and across the black, empty square away into the silence of the night.

A furious gust, charged with biting rain-drops, showered upon my bare head. I was meditating upon the injustice of her epithet. She must have thought I was afraid of disturbing the audience. Was I? I don't know. She certainly was not; she cared nothing for all the men of science in the world. She had wanted to save her father from standing up there, proclaiming his weakness to a jeering democracy, but she wasn't in the least afraid of making a scene. You observe the nice distinction? One might be insolent: one must not reveal a weakness; and in either case she knew what she was about. She had stopped the Baron just in time. His personal revelations passed for a sort of pleasing introduction, as if he had been going to say, "This is how I came to turn my attention to these studies," a little egotistic, no more. The audience were dis-

appointed. Just when something really entertaining seemed to be coming out, the old Professor with the long beard had stumblingly read the real paper, a rather technical lecture. It went off very well, but I never saw Minne again. They had left the house when I called next morning, and she answered none of my letters. I had only my regrets for my pains.

But it was good to have been young on the Rhine; and I suppose it remains good to be able to remember it. Perhaps, too, it is better to regret what might have been than to have to regret what is. I still feel a little raw, I mean, when I remember her "Coward!" which I don't think I deserved. It might be worse if, nowadays, I should happen to deserve it. But she was very beautiful, very charming, and very exciting. I understand she is now Gräfin von Fallersleben in Pomerania. He is dead, and when I passed down the Rhine last year an immense, liver-coloured, grim factory at the base made the *Schloss* on its crag look very tiny. Time goes on.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.